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Fifth Series,
Volume LXXIII. }

No. 2439.—March 28, 1891.

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I LOVE YOU ALL, ETC.

I LOVE YOU ALL.

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er I see,
Whatever ladies smile on me,
This, this the only truth can be,
That love's a burden if not free.
The bee, that hums a few brief hours,
Is free to kiss a thousand flow'r's;
And free are bird and wind and sky,
Then, lovely ladies, why not I?
I love you all, *petite* or tall,
Whate'er your beauty or your grade is,
Coy or coquette, *blonde* or *brunette*,
I love you all, bewitching ladies!

But if perchance one maid there be,
Who takes my passion seriously,
I' faith I scarce know how to woo,
Loving a thousand as I do.
I tell her she is sweet and fair,
I praise her lips, her eyes, her hair;
But if the truth I must aver,
Why, this is what I say to her:
"I love you all, *petite* or tall,
Whate'er your beauty or your grade is,
Coy or coquette, *blonde* or *brunette*,
I love you all, bewitching ladies!"

So, ladies, let me live and love,
From flow'r to flow'r of beauty rove,
With your sweet eyes to smile on me,
I am a captive, but yet free!
With you to fire me, like the sun,
How can my heart be true to one?
So let me live, to none a thrall,
Because — because I love you all!
I love you all, *petite* or tall,
Whate'er your beauty or your grade is,
Coy or coquette, *blonde* or *brunette*,
I love you all, bewitching ladies!
Temple Bar. FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

STONE-BROKE.

Two battered hurdles,
A heap of stones,
A hayband wrapping
The hurdles' bones.

A sack in tatters,
And in it thrust
Straw half-rotten
And grass half dust.

There through the Autumn
A grey old man
Began to hammer
Ere day began;

And there, while lingered
A ray of light,
He sat and hammered
From dawn till night.

And through December
He hammered still,
Though cold and ragged,
And old, and ill.

"The House?" "No, better
To die instead,
Or go on living
On naught but bread."

And so through all of
The long grim frost
He worked, as grimly,
Counting the cost.
The windy wayside
Was bare and bleak,
The icy east blew
Week after week.

His eyes grew dimmer,
His back more bent,
Slower and slower
His hammer went.

But he hammered early,
He hammered late,
Till his heap had gathered
To yonder gate.

He hammered, hammered
Till all was done,
The whole heap finished
To its last stone.

The last stone broken,
He did not stir;
He seemed a watcher
Or listener.

He sat, nor heeded
The cold snows blown —
His own heart broken,
Himself a stone.

Longman's Magazine. A. H. BEESLY.

IN Terrors trap with thralldome thrust
Their thorny thoughts to taste and trie,
In conscience clear from cause unjust
With carping teares did call and crye
And said O God, yet thou art he
That can and will deliver me.

Thus trembling there with teares I trod
To totter tide in truth's defence;
With sighes and sobs, I said O God
Let right not have this recompense,
Least that my foes may laugh to see
That thou wouldest not deliver me.

My soul then to repentance ranne,
My ragged clothes all rent and tornie;
And did bewaile the losse it wanne
With loathsome life, so long forlorne
And said O God, yet thou art he
That can and will deliver me.

Then comfort came with clothes of joy
Whose seames were faithfull steadfastnesse,
And did bedeck the naked boy
That earst was full of wretchednesse
And said be glad, for God is he
That shortly will deliver thee.

A.D. 1550. W. HUNNIS.

From The Nineteenth Century.
FORGED LITERATURE.

SPURIOUS and pseudonymous literature is probably nearly as old as literature itself. It was comparatively common in ancient Greece and Rome, and may be said to have flourished among the Jews and early Christians. Bentley, in his "Dissertation upon Phalaris,"* enumerates a series of works fathered upon some of the great classical writers, which after deceiving many learned judges were discovered by others of more discernment to be unauthentic. This list of counterfeits, he tells us, might have been much longer; "in one short passage of Suidas there's an account of half a score." The epistles ascribed to the Sicilian tyrant (about 570 B.C.), which were the subject of Bentley's dissection, he proved to the satisfaction of all succeeding scholars to be the work of an Attic Sophist belonging to a later age. Another such example may be mentioned. The extracts which Philo Byblius, a writer of the first century A.D., professed to have translated from the works of Sanchuniathon, an ancient Phœnician author contemporary with Semiramis, are, by the general consent of modern scholars, held to be the invention of the ostensible translator. His presumed motive for fabricating them was that, in his zeal to win converts to the doctrine of Euhemerus, that the gods were apotheosized men, he had adduced apt illustrations from Phœnician history which he had no real means of substantiating.†

Since Bentley wrote, the literature of Greece and Rome has been subjected to a searching criticism, and it is probable that many works which in his time were unhesitatingly ascribed to great names would be rejected as spurious by the consensus of the best living scholars. In the province of Biblical research less unanimity yet prevails in this country, but it may be safe to say that most qualified critics, German and English, would agree in discrediting the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy, if not of the whole Pentateuch; the integrity and synchronism of the prophecies attributed to Isaiah; the au-

thenticity of the Book of Daniel and of some of the writings ascribed to Solomon. It would be venturing upon ground even more debatable to adduce analogous examples from the New Testament, but the most conservative divines will admit that the books of which its canon is composed were selected from a large mass of writings, more or less commonly accepted by the early Church as authentic and genuine scriptures of venerable authors, the bulk of which are now acknowledged to be either pseudonymous or spurious. By the testimony of such fathers as Irenæus and Epiphanius, the second century was very prolific in literature of this type. "In finita multitudo apocryphorum librorum et adulterinarum scripturarum" are the words of the first named.* Without impeaching the credit of any books which may still find defenders, it will suffice to instance a few notorious cases — e.g., the Epistle of Jesus Christ to Abgarus, king of Edessa, the Book of Enoch, the Sibylline oracles, and the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite.

Rigidly to apply our modern standard of ethics to these ancient examples of fabricated literature would be obviously unjust, and discrimination is needful to determine their real character. One cannot scruple, indeed, to classify as common cheats the wily bibliopoles who, when Ptolemy Philadelphus was making a collection of Aristotle's works, "with a design of getting money of him, put Aristotle's name to other men's writings."† Nor can we hesitate to assign to a malicious motive the conduct of the historian Anaximenes who (according to Pausanias) succeeded in making his rival Theopompos hateful to the governments of Athens, Sparta, and Thebes, by fabricating an invective against them in imitation of his style, and publishing it in his name.‡ It would be rash, however, to assume that the priestly custodians of the Lycian temple, which boasted among its treasures a paper epistle written from Troy by Sarpedon, were consciously imposing upon the historian Licinius Mucianus who (to

* Second ed. Introd. pp. 13-15, 520, 539.

† Smith's Classical Dict. of Biography.

* Irenæus, Hær. i. 20. 1.

† "Ammonius on Aristotle's Categories," cited by Bentley, Phalaris, p. 12.

‡ Cited by Bentley, *at sup.*

Pliny's astonishment) was so credulous as to suppose it genuine.* The historical existence of Sarpedon may well have been believed by the priests as well as their visitor, and both have been innocently ignorant that paper (*papyrus*) was not likely to be used for letter-writing in the Homeric age. With respect to many of the spurious works fathered upon classical writers, it is unnecessary to suspect any one of intentionally uttering them under false names. To uncritical readers, superficial resemblances between the style of a master and that of his imitator would suffice to suggest identity of authorship, and a surmise to that effect started by one inventive brain would soon circulate as assertion and be handed down to the following age as certainty. Still less are we called upon to stigmatize as forgers, in a criminal sense, the authors of works, now admitted to be pseudonymous, which the early Christians accepted as authentic. Bearing in mind that it was from the Eastern Churches these fabrications usually proceeded, we may justly make large allowance for the difference which has always subsisted between the Western and the Eastern mind with regard to the value of truth.

The word "truth" [says Renan] has not the same significance for the Oriental as for ourselves. The Oriental tells, with a bewitching candor and with the accent of a witness, a crowd of things which he has not seen and about which he is by no means certain. The fantastic tales of the Exodus from Egypt which are told in Jewish families during the Feast of the Passover deceive nobody, yet none the less they enchant those who listen to them. Every year the scenic representations by which they commemorate the martyrdom of the sons of Ali in Persia are enriched with some new invention designed to render the victims more interesting and the murderers more hateful.†

Add to this the consideration that the classical historians and biographers had established as a literary usage the practice of inventing orations for their heroes, statesmen, or generals, ideally appropriate to the occasions when they purported to

have been delivered, and embodying the ideas and convictions the speakers were believed to entertain, but couched in language they never actually used and pervaded throughout by the mental bias of the writer. The example, again, set by Plato in idealizing the personality of Socrates, and passing his homely sense and keen dialectic through the filter of his own mind, could not fail to be taken as a precedent by members of the school which reconciled his philosophy with Christian doctrine. Further, it must be remembered how fierce and ceaseless was the strife between the "Catholic" party in the Church and "heresiarchs" of various complexities who disputed its assumption of orthodoxy, all equally convinced of the truth of their own views and anxious to convert the world to them; and how necessary an advocate must have deemed it, in the absence of any canonical standard of Scripture, to adduce the authority of some reverend name among the Apostles or their immediate disciples to refute the contention of his opponent that the tenet in dispute was an unsound innovation. It was but a step from the contemplation of this necessity to the employment of any legitimate device to effect the desired object. The literary usage and philosophical precedent above mentioned afforded ample sanction for idealizations upon a larger scale and for a worthier end than they served.

It were a mistake to describe the literature thus created [observes one of its most learned and judicial critics] as intended to deceive. . . . The document so originated is rather the half-unconscious utterance of what, under the circumstances, seemed essentially necessary and true; no critical faculty existing to censure or control, and the apparent greatness or excellence of the object excusing or concealing the literary aberration or misnomer. It could little be anticipated, when this innocent fiction was first resorted to, to what lengths the principle of pious frauds would eventually be carried. . . . With the definitive constitution of the Church and the establishment of a canon, the practice of pseudonymous writing ceased with its cause.*

* Nat. Hist. xiii. c. 13, cited by Bentley, p. 539.

† Renan, *The Gospels* (Matthewson's translation), c. xi. p. 104.

* The Tübingen School and its Antecedents, by R. W. Mackay, pp. 335, 339. The statement that pseudonymous Christian literature ceased with its cause must be qualified. The latest date fixed for the forma-

For the authors of some of the later Christian apocrypha it would be difficult to offer the same excuses as for their predecessors. The clumsy interpolator of a well-known passage in Josephus (*Antiq. Lib. 18, c. 3*) can hardly be acquitted of a design to invent evidence wherewith to silence the assertion of Hebrew opponents that the life of the founder of Christianity was unrecorded by the historian of his era. It is possible, however, to believe that the Trinitarian controversialist who marginally annotated the first Johannine epistle with the verse relating to the three heavenly witnesses, was innocent of intending that a future copyist of the MS. should insert his gloss as part of the text. The propensity of copyists to incorporate marginal comments indiscriminately appears to be so largely responsible for the interpolations and equivocal readings which have crept into the MSS. of the New Testament, that it would be unjust to impute sinister design to all that have been twisted to serve controversial ends.

Although, after the formation of a canon and the establishment of Catholic Christianity, one chief motive for the fabrication of pseudonymous literature ceased to operate, fresh occasions soon arose to call it into active being. I can do no more within the limits of this paper than glance at the salient aspects of a large and many-sided subject. The fabrications which I have space to notice may be conveniently grouped under three heads: (1) those dictated by base motives, whether in the interest of tyranny, greed, vanity, spite, or jealousy; (2) those devoid of evil intention and due to the indulgence of satirical, mischievous, or playful humor; (3) those inspired by a strong dramatic impulse, to which any form of mystification appears permissible. Allowance may have to be made in some cases for an admixture of motives, which renders it doubtful whether they belong wholly to the first or in part to the second group. In estimating the culpability of a particular imposture, the

difference which has always existed between the moral standards of various races must be taken into account. The respect for truth entertained by the Teutonic nations, for example, is and has immemorially been higher than that acknowledged by the Celts. Since the elevation of the Christian ideal, however, of which truth is an integral part, no believer in its sanctity can be held blameless for a deliberate act of deception, in spite of any attempts to justify it by the urgency of other obligations. The growth of the scientific spirit, which sprang into life at the Renaissance, with its passion for "seeing things as they really are" and its reverence for precision of statement as all-essential, has further tended to enhance public reprobation of every form of fraud. Subject, therefore, to the reservation above made, the classification adopted may provisionally serve.

Prominent in the first group, among the pseudonymous fabrications of tyranny, stands the Athanasian Creed, which, notwithstanding the avowal of revered divines that they wished they were "well rid of it," still disfigures the Anglican prayer-book. Though its actual origin and date are still uncertain, it is admitted by the general consent of theologians, "orthodox" and "heterodox" alike, to be falsely fathered upon the Alexandrian bishop of the third century whose name it bears. The prevailing opinion is that it emanated from a Spanish or French source in the fifth or sixth century.* This is not the place to discuss the value of its theological definitions, but the emphatic language of its damnatory clauses leaves no room for doubt as to their primary object. To strengthen by the agency of spiritual terrorism the hands of the power which arrogated to itself the sole authority of fixing Christian dogma, and to narrow the pale of the Church so as to exclude all who dared to exercise the private right of reason and conscience, was a design which the creed-maker accomplished only too well.

That the wielders of spiritual tyranny should not lack the complement of tem-

tion of the canon is the beginning of the fourth century, but the fabrications ascribed to Dionysius "the Areopagite could scarcely have been written before the fifth century. (Smith's Classical Dict. of Biog.) Some critics assign even a later date to the spurious Apostolical Constitutions.

* The chief authorities on the subject are collectively cited in Dr. Lamson's Church of the First Three Centuries, pp. 403-4.

poral dominion was the obvious aim of two fabrications which appeared in the eighth century, and are attributed by Gibbon to the hand of a single writer who "borrowed the name of St. Isidore."^{*} The "Decretals and the Donation of Constantine" were intended, says the historian, to be "the two magic pillars of the spiritual and temporal monarchy of the popes." According to the narrative put forth by Pope Adrian the First in an epistle addressed to Charlemagne, the Donation of Constantine originated in his gratitude for having been healed of leprosy and baptized by St. Sylvester, then Bishop of Rome. In pious recognition of his deliverance, the emperor relinquished "the seat and patrimony of St. Peter, declared his resolution of founding a new capital in the East, and resigned to the popes the free and perpetual sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the provinces of the West." Though professedly credited by Pope Adrian and some of his successors, this monstrous fiction did not escape monastic criticism in the twelfth century, and in 1140 was mercilessly exposed by the Roman patriot, Valla. Half a century later it was generally abandoned, and eventually disavowed by the advocates of the Church in whose interest it had been forged.

Of the Decretals, which "purported to be rescripts or decrees of the early bishops of Rome," † it may suffice to say that they were designed to prove the antiquity of the supreme jurisdiction of the Roman See as a court of appeal. Their twofold object was to weaken archiepiscopal authority over suffragan bishops, who were thereby made directly amenable to the papal tribunal, and to forbid the holding of national councils without special sanction from Rome.

Upon these spurious Decretals [says Hallam] was built the great fabric of papal supremacy over the different national churches — a fabric which has stood after its foundation crumbled beneath it, for no one has pretended to deny for the last two centuries that the imposture is too palpable for any but the most ignorant age to credit.‡

The almost exclusive possession of clerical learning by the religious orders afforded to unscrupulous brotherhoods facilities for abusing it in their own interests with comparatively little risk of detection. From the "Scriptoria" of English monasteries issued a large number of royal and private charters purport-

ing to endow them with valuable lands and franchises, which, when examined by modern experts, have been discovered to be palpable forgeries. The learned editor of the "Feodarium Prioratus Dunelmensis" (Canon Greenwell) devotes the bulk of his preface to an examination of "the foundation deeds of the Benedictine monastery established by" Bishop William de St. Carilef at Durham, which "form one inseparable and complete series of titles in connection with the confirming instruments of King William the Norman, Archbishops Lanfranc and Thomas, and bulls of several popes. This series, consisting of a large number of varied and pretentious documents," he finds himself compelled by the evidence to declare to be "a tissue of forgeries." The proofs of this charge consist both in substantial discrepancies between these documents and unimpeachable records elsewhere, and in glaring falsifications of names, dates, and seals. In the case of one document it can be shown that "out of eleven attesting archbishops, bishops, and abbots, six were dead at the time when the charter affects to have been executed." Similar evidences of falsity invalidate the rest of the series. Two motives appear to have dictated "the fabrication of the charters in question: the one, to provide written and readily authenticated proof of ownership of estates to which, though belonging to the convent, there was no book-title; the other, to establish claims to privileges to which the monks had no evidence of right, and that were probably assumptions without authority."^{*}

The occasion of the forgery was probably a bitter dispute which arose between the monks and Bishop Marsh in 1221, when both parties appealed to Rome and were called upon to produce their muniments.

Numerous examples of forged monastic charters upon a less extensive scale than the foregoing are given by Kemble in his "Codex Diplomaticus Aevi Saxonici," *passim*, and by Sir Thos. Duffus Hardy in his "Introduction to the Charter Rolls," pp. xxxi, xxxviii, xxxix.

The "History of the Monastery of Croyland," ostensibly by its abbot, Ingulphus, which purports to embrace its annals and charters from the middle of the seventh to the early part of the twelfth century, and contains much curious information respecting the reign of the Conqueror, has been discredited since the

* Decline and Fall, ix. 159, 160.

† Hallam's Middle Ages, c. vii. part i. pp. 166-7.

‡ Ibid. p. 167.

* Publications of Surtees Society, vol. Iviii., pref. pp. x-lxxxi.

seventeenth century, when Wharton and Hickes successively called attention to its fictitious statements. Sir Francis Palgrave, who subjected it to a careful examination in the *Quarterly Review* for June, 1826, assigns various reasons for concluding it to be a forgery of the reign of Richard the Second. The code of laws in French, which the writer ascribes to the Conqueror, has been "ascertained," says Hallam, "to be a translation from the Latin made in the thirteenth century."* A further exposure of its anachronisms and misstatements has been made by Mr. H. T. Riley † and by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy.‡ The last-named writer unequivocally brands it as "a monkish forgery."

Even the more trustworthy monastic chroniclers—*e.g.*, Roger de Wendover and Matthew Paris—frequently insert documents accredited either to divine or human writers, which are obviously spurious and betray more or less clearly the purposes which occasioned their fabrication. Among those introduced into Wendover's Chronicle is "a letter that came from heaven" and was found "suspended over St. Simeon's altar at Jerusalem" in the year 1200. Its fulmination of the direst penalties against Sabbath-breaking lent timely aid to the efforts of some of the clergy who were just then denouncing that offence.§ The copies of "Magna Carta" and the "Carta de Foresta" which Wendover and Paris seem to have accepted as authentically signed and promulgated by John, prove to be a *pasticcio* made up from a garbled and mutilated version of the single charter executed by that king, and of the two charters granted by his successor. The language of the later documents has been generally modified to suit the earlier date assigned to them; but a blunder of the manipulator in omitting to alter a reference made by Henry the Third to his "grandfather," Henry the Second, betrays the falsification. Dr. Luard, in his edition of Matthew Paris, adduces other clear proofs of forgery, and suggests a probable motive for it. The convent of St. Albans (whence these chronicles proceeded) cherished a bitter animus against Fawkes de Breaute, one of John's foreign mercenaries, by whose troops the monastery had been plundered

during the Barons' War. The garbled version of John's great charter here put forth contains an undertaking on the part of the king to expel Fawkes, among others, from the realm forthwith. The authentic charter makes no mention of Fawkes, who continued for some years in the service of Henry the Third before his insolent defiance of law and order compelled the king to banish him. It was presumably with the hope of hastening that desired event that the forger sought to show his exile had already been decreed.*

Lest the frauds of English monks should be supposed uniquely shameful, it is but just to instance one or two which were hatched in Continental cloisters. The "History of Charles the Great and Orlando," published shortly before the year 1122, as a personal narrative, by Charlemagne's secretary, Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, appears to have been the composition of a monk who (in the words of its latest editor) designed it "for edification, for encouragement of faith in the Church, war against infidels, and reverence to the shrine of St. James of Compostella."† That the last-named object was uppermost in the writer's mind he takes much pains to make clear. Midway in his romantic account of the exploits of Charles and his paladins in Galicia, the assumed Turpin breaks off to describe how, by the emperor's command, he dedicated "the church and altar of St. James with extraordinary splendor and magnificence." A chapter is devoted to the recital of the metropolitan rank and revenues bestowed on it. "All Spain and Galicia was made subject to this holy place; it was moreover endowed with four pieces of money from every house throughout the kingdom, and at the same time totally freed from royal jurisdiction; being from that hour styled the Apostolic See," etc. A labored comparison follows of its relation to the Sees of Rome and Ephesus, "which are undoubtedly the true sees;" the second place in pre-eminence being emphatically claimed for it, with a significant hint in conclusion that, "if any difficulty should occur that cannot elsewhere be resolved, let it be brought before these sees, and it shall by divine grace be decided." Although in 1122 Pope Calixtus the Second "vouched for the authorship of Turpin," the work gradually lost credit, and when the object of its fabrication was detected

* Literature of Europe, i. 28, note.

† Archæol. Journ. part i. pp. 32-49; part ii. pp. 114-133.

‡ Descriptive Catal. of Materials, ii. 62, 63.

§ Flores Historiarum, ed. Hewlett; Rolls Series of Chronicles, vol. ii. pp. 295 sqq.

* Chronicle of M. Paris, ed. Luard; Rolls Series of Chronicles, vol. ii. pref. pp. 589 sqq.

† Mediaeval Tales (Universal Library), ed. Prof. H. Morley, introd. p. 5.

it acquired the popular title of "Le Mag-nanime Mensonge."

Zeal for the shrine of St. James of Compostella inspired another forgery in the fifteenth century, when a "Revelation," purporting to be written by the apostle's own hand, was suddenly discovered there after fourteen centuries of interment. From Bentley's account of the matter, it would seem that even in Spain certain sceptics raised the objection that this document "had some parts of it in modern Spanish, which was not in being in the time of the apostle." This circumstance, indeed, proved no stumbling-block to its devout Catholic advocates, one of whom, "the learned Aldrete, endeavors to account for the modern Spanish in the apostle's writing from the gift of prophecy that he was inspired with, by which he foreknew when his buried writings would be dug up, and therefore used the language that would then be in fashion."^{*} He might surely have devised a more plausible explanation, by attributing the apostle's linguistic skill to his share of the "miraculous gift of tongues."

Although monastic forgers rang the changes of imposture with some artistic variation, the sameness of motive tinges all their attempts with a sordid monotony. There is more novelty in the forms of literary fraud prompted by inordinate vanity and thirst for notoriety. A notable example of this class is the "Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maundeville," which appeared in the latter part of the fourteenth century. Its quaint and quasi-ingenuous narrative of an adventurous English knight's wanderings in the East quickly won it a popularity which was not a whit diminished by the monstrous extravagance of its fictions. Modern criticism long since established the fact that the book was partly compiled from the accounts of other travellers, and that the writer's statement that he composed it first in Latin, then put it into French, and lastly translated it into English, could not be true. The frequent mistranslations apparent upon a comparison of the two extant versions made it impossible to believe that, if he was an Englishman, "Maundeville had been his own interpreter."[†] It was reserved for the latest editor of the book, Mr. G. F. Warner, following in the track of earlier scholars, fully to expose its fictitious character and furnish a probable clue to its

authorship. He claims to have shown that the writer's account of his travels was substantially made up from numerous earlier sources, including the "Golden Legend" and the narratives of Odoric de Pordenone, Jacques de Vitry, and other genuine voyagers to the East. There seems little doubt, indeed, that the author was a stay-at-home traveller. Good reasons are assigned by Mr. Warner for identifying him with a physician named Jean de Bourgogne, who, according to the statement of his executor, Jean d'Outremeuse, assumed in his last will the name of Sir John Maundeville, with the rank of Earl of Montfort in the English peerage, alleging that he had left his native land and sought refuge in travel to escape the consequences of an accidental homicide. No such dignities as those claimed by the testator appear to be known to our heralds. There are grounds for suspecting D'Outremeuse, who is known as a chronicler of Liège, to have been an accomplice in Bourgogne's fraud. His "Myreur des Histors" not only embodies much of Maundeville and of the writers from whom he had borrowed, but refers to a description of Tartary as his own which is nowhere to be found except in the "Voyages and Travels."^{*}

In 1649 England was the scene of a remarkable literary imposture, in whose composition personal and partisan motives were apparently blended, which not only equalled its forerunners in attaining immediate success, but, when eventually exposed and confessed, won for its author a meed of glory instead of shame. Within a few days after the execution of Charles the First appeared the *Eikón Baστλukij*, ostensibly written by the king's hand, affecting to be his own defence of the policy he had adopted, and to portray the attitude of devout faith in which he had borne his sufferings and martyrdom. The sympathy which the work excited was widespread. "At home and abroad ninety thousand copies were circulated in a twelvemonth." Charles the Second is said to have declared that "if it had come out a week sooner it would have saved his father's life." So powerful was the impression it made in England that the Council of State desired their Latin secretary, Milton, to answer it — a commission fulfilled in his *Eikónoklaσtrys*. Without disputing whether "the late king, as is vulgarly believed, or any secret coadjutor," was the real author, Milton accepted the presumption that the book was from the

* Phalaris, pp. 522-3, citing B. Aldrete, *Varias Antigüidades de España*.

† Introduction to edition of "Maundeville" in the National Library, by Prof. Henry Morley,

* Publications of the Roxburghe Club, 1890.

hand of Charles, while he saw through the "drift of a factious and defeated party" to use it, "not so much in defence of his former actions as the promoting of their own future designs." He detected, too, one of the most suspicious features of the book, viz.: that the prayer which the king was stated to have placed in the hand of Bishop Juxon upon the scaffold, "as a special relic of his saintly exercises," was "stolen word for word" from Sidney's "Arcadia," where it is put into the mouth of Pamela. Upon this feature, however, Milton only passes the characteristic comment that a love-story which represents "a heathen woman praying to a heathen god" was unfit "in time of trouble and affliction to be a Christian's prayer-book." There is no reason to suppose that he penetrated the secret of the fabrication, which was confined to the possession of a few royalists and too well kept to be divulged until the Restoration, when Dr. John Gauden avowed the authorship and claimed his reward. It appears that the book (after its design had been approved by Dupper, Bishop of Salisbury, who contributed one or two sections) was finished during the king's imprisonment at Carisbrooke, where a copy was sent to him for correction. He is said to have wished that it should be issued in the name of another, but when urged that it would be more effective in his own, "took time to consider of it." His execution intervening before consent was given, the publication took place without it. Gauden, having made good his claim to Charles the Second, was created Bishop of Exeter in 1660, and soon translated to the See of Worcester.* Notwithstanding this recognition of his service, more than a generation passed before the truth was made generally known. Even then the bulk of the ultra-loyal Tories refused to part with their cherished illusion, and half a century afterwards a preacher before the House of Commons boldly contended that the *Eiköw* was authentically the work of King Charles the First.

In the composition of the memorable imposture which "George Psalmanazar" palmed upon the English public in 1704, the literary element was comparatively subsidiary; the "Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa" that he was induced to publish being only an

expansion of the narrative of adventures which he had told in detail to scores of fashionable audiences. Ushered into London society under the auspices of the bishop, Dr. Compton, and accredited to him by the Rev. Mr. Innes, the chaplain of a Scotch regiment abroad, the young man quickly became the lion of the town. He gave out that he was the son of a nobleman in Formosa, who entrusted his education to a learned stranger on a visit to the island, by whom he was instructed not only in the language and literature of his native country, but in Latin. His tutor, who passed for a travelled Japanese, having inflamed his curiosity with accounts of Europe, suddenly announced that he was about to revisit it, whereupon the youth begged leave to go with him. By way of Goa and Gibraltar they reached Avignon, where, at the Jesuits' College, the tutor revealed that he was a missionary of the order, and had disguised himself that he might convert his pagan pupil. Thanks to the training which Psalmanazaar's mind had undergone, he was able to rebut the sophistry of Father de Rodes and his brethren, but, alarmed at their threats of the Inquisition, made his escape and entered the service of the elector of Cologne. Two attempts to convert him—one by a Lutheran, the other by a Calvinist minister of Sluys—were also unsuccessful. The arguments, however, which Mr. Innes, the chaplain of Brigadier Lauder, governor of the town, urged on behalf of the Anglican faith, effectually convinced his reason, and he willingly embraced "a religion not embarrassed with any of those absurdities which are maintained by the various sects in Christendom." This plausible story might perhaps have retained longer hold of public belief if the author had not unwarily committed himself to print at the solicitation of an enterprising publisher. The work in which he undertook to narrate the history of his native island is an elaborate tissue of absurdities. Commencing with a gratuitous attack upon the "ignorance" of the Dutch and other historians who had affirmed Formosa to belong to China, whereas it was really a dependency of Japan, he proceeded to give a minute account of its conquest, its civil government, and established creed, with particulars of the religious rites, language, and customs of the natives, illustrated by engravings of their public buildings, modes of dress, and character of writing. The illustrations showed their architecture to be a medley of classical and Chinese styles. Tiger,

* See Prof. H. Morley's First Sketch of English Literature, pp. 585-6, where the story of the fabrication is concisely told. For the detailed evidence which established Gauden's authorship, see Toland's Life of Milton, ed. of 1698, pp. 27-29.

leopard, and bear skins, it would seem, were the appropriate materials for the clothes of these tropic islanders; yet, to account for his strangely fair complexion, the writer mentioned that the upper classes (to which he belonged) habitually spent the hot season in underground caverns, dense groves, or tents kept cool with water. The language evidently contained a number of Greek radicals, which was not made less surprising by the statement that Greek was taught in the native schools. Raw meat and roots formed the usual diet of this remarkable people, with vipers' blood as a condiment. An annual sacrifice of eighteen thousand boys' hearts to their gods had had no apparent effect in reducing the population.

In spite of these enormous demands on the credulity of its readers, the book reached a second edition, and the author was sent by his patrons to Oxford, in order to prepare himself for returning to Formosa as a missionary. Here he had the ill-luck to encounter Halley, then Savilian professor, and two other *savants*. Some searching questions which they put to him respecting the sun's position at noon and the duration of twilight in the island he was utterly unable to answer, and their published account of the interview sealed the fate of his imposture. After exhausting the patience of his remaining dupes, he relinquished the profession of roguery and settled down to a creditable literary career. In a posthumous work he made a candid confession of his fraud, in which he charged Innes with having been his accomplice. Its main design was ingeniously framed to tempt the *gobe-mouche* appetite of a frivolous and marvel-loving society. The means taken to introduce it under clerical and episcopal sanction were not less skilfully adapted to a time when Anglicanism was vaunted as the golden mean between Jesuitism and Dissent, and the Church was exhibiting the first symptoms of a missionary spirit.*

The eighteenth century has earned an unenviable celebrity for the number and audacity of its literary impostors. For particulars respecting the felonious exploits of two rogues, William Lauder and Archibald Bower, who were both tracked by the same critical detective, Dr. Douglas, the reader may consult Boswell's "Life of Johnson," D'Israeli's "Curiosi-

ties of Literature," and the "Dictionary of National Biography."

A more ingenious as well as successful fraud was the attempt of James Macpherson to conceal his personality behind the mask of Oisin, or Ossian, a Highland poet of the third century, whose epic poems of "Fingal" and "Temora," he professed to have discovered and translated from the Erse in 1762-3. Though their genuineness was at once disputed by Johnson, who challenged "the translator" to produce his MSS., and was doubted by Hume, Gibbon, and other critics, the bulk of Macpherson's fellow-countrymen, headed by Blair and Lord Kames, warmly defended his good faith, and extolled the merits of Ossian as a second Homer. In answer to Johnson's challenge, which was repeated by other sceptics, Macpherson produced no original MSS., but satisfied his partisans by publishing what he affirmed to be transcripts from the Erse. The friends he made were influential enough to advance his fortune, and, after a prosperous career as a placeman, he died rich and honored in 1796, having kept his secret to the last. The fervor of national enthusiasm, which he adroitly turned to account in 1762, had by this time cooled, and the exposure of his fabrication, which soon followed his death, was effected in his own country. A committee of inquiry appointed by the Highland Society in 1797, who completed their labors in 1805, reported that, after a diligent search among traditional and written sources, they had been unable to find one poem identical "in title and tenor with the poems of Ossian." In a critical essay on the subject by Malcolm Laing, the historian of Scotland, published in 1800, and the notes appended to his edition of Macpherson's works, he minutely examined the materials extant respecting the legendary Gaelic heroes, in order to show the spurious character of the epics into which their names had been introduced. Its picturesque descriptions of Highland scenery, rhetorical flow of sentiment, and command of rhythmical language, account for the attraction which "Ossian" exercised at the time of its appearance, and may still to some extent retain. The presence of these characteristics of refinement and the absence of any of those *indicia* common to the poetry of a ruder age, have long been accepted as substantial proof of its being a production of the eighteenth, not of the third century.*

* A fuller account of this imposture, with further evidence in elucidation of the motives which prompted it, was given by the present writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May, 1879.

* See Knight's Cyclopædia, arts. "Macpherson" and "Ossian."

The particulars of Chatterton's fabrication, in 1768-9, of the poems which he attributed to Thomas Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, are too familiarly known to justify repetition. To a critical reader of our own day, modernness of thought and style will appear so plainly stamped upon the face of them, that he may consider Professor Skeat's ample demonstration of their sham archaisms to be almost superfluous.* It is well, however, to recall the fact that though Chatterton's imitations, touched as they were by vivid flashes of genius, failed to baffle the acumen of Tyrwhitt, Warton, Gray, and Johnson, they successfully imposed upon many erudite antiquaries and scholars, including Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter and president of the Antiquarian Society (who published a sumptuous edition of the poems, and learnedly expatiated upon their Homeric and Chaucerian affinities), Jacob Bryant, Lord Lyttelton, and Dr. Fry, president of St. John's, Oxford. It can scarcely be doubted that Chatterton baited his line to catch that "doctoral ignorance," as Montaigne calls it, which "knowledge so often begets." Vanity may be presumed to have prompted his mystifications in the first instance, and pride to have induced him to persist in his original story; but he may fairly be acquitted of sordid motives. It is pathetic to reflect that if his boyish peccadillo had been treated with a little less harshness, the tragedy of his fate might have been averted and a fresh voice added to the choir of English poets.

The forgery of Shakespearian MSS., by which William Henry Ireland (whether as principal or agent) succeeded in duping a distinguished circle of scholars and men of letters in 1795-6, is another noteworthy instance of the type exemplified by Macpherson and Chatterton. It differed, indeed, from their fabrications in two respects, viz., that the MSS. themselves, not mere transcripts of them, were submitted to ocular inspection, and that in the judgment of unbelieving critics, not less distinguished than the believers, the literary value of whatever was new or "original" in the collection was absolutely worthless. These circumstances only serve to heighten the wonder of the forger's success. Drs. Parr, Valpy, and Joseph Warton among scholars, George Chalmers and John Pinkerton among an-

tiquaries, Sir Isaac Heard and Francis Townshend, professional heralds, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, James Boswell, and H. J. Pye, poet-laureate, representative men of letters, were eager to avow their faith in the MSS. as indubitable autographs of Shakespeare, and bearing the unmistakable stamp of his genius. Granting that the antique aspect of sixteenth-century handwriting, parchment, ink, and seals was so skilfully imitated as to deceive the palaeographers who examined the MSS., it remains inexplicable that a student so conversant with Elizabethan English as Chalmers could have been blind to the grotesque exaggerations of spelling which abound in every line of the text. Still more amazing appears the blindness which led Sheridan to accept the crude and timid "Vortigern" as even a "youthful production" of the author of "Hamlet," and to give Ireland 300*l.* for the privilege of producing it at Drury Lane, besides half the profits of its representation for sixty nights. How John Kemble, who was forced to play the leading part, avenged the insult thus offered to the genius whose fame was linked with his own, need not be told afresh. In an "Inquiry into the Authenticity" of the MSS. which Malone, the most competent Shakespearian critic of the day, published soon after the collapse of "Vortigern," he effectually established their spurious character by a minute collation of their language and spelling with those commonly employed in Elizabethan literature. The labored attempt of Chalmers to adduce rebutting evidence was rendered futile by the prompt appearance of a pamphlet in which the forger, a young law student, made an explicit confession of his fraud. Filial desire to gratify the taste of his father, an enthusiastic Shakespeare-worshipper, curiosity to see "how far credulity would go in the search for antiquities," and vanity, intoxicated by the success of his first deception, were the incentives which avowedly actuated him. In another confession, made shortly before his death in 1835, he recanted his former statement, and represented his father as having been the chief concocter of the forgery. Whoever was concerned in it evidently saw that the Shakespeare idolatry which then prevailed in antiquarian and literary circles had reached the point of infatuation, and embraced the opportunity of turning it to profit.*

* Particulars of the extravagant lengths to which this idolatry was carried, and further details of Ireland's imposture, are given in the paper already referred to (*Two Impostors of the Eighteenth Century*), in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May, 1879.

In the present century, though the literary forger has been far from inactive, his successes, owing to the general spread of culture and the special development of critical discernment, have happily been few and short-lived. In 1803, a M. Vanderbourg, ostensibly on behalf of a deceased friend, M. de Survile, published a volume of lyrics which revealed the existence of an ancient poetess hitherto unrecorded, named Marguerite Eleanore Clotilde, *dépou Madame de Survile*. Her career covered the greater part of the fifteenth century—one of her themes being the relief of Orleans by Joan of Arc in 1429, and another the victory of Fornero by Charles the Eighth in 1495. She was also fortunate enough to be able to render an ode of Sappho into French verse "many years before any one else in France could have seen it." * Though promoted to a place in Auguis's "Recueil des Anciens Poëtes," these lyrics did not impose upon the trained judgment of Sismondi, who observed that it was only necessary "to compare Clotilde with the Duke of Orleans or Villon" to ascertain her real date.† Another critic discovered in them "many ideas and expressions which were unknown in the language at the time of their pretended composition," and many imitations of "Voltaire and other poets."‡ There can be little hesitation in crediting their authorship to M. Vanderbourg himself.

A brief notice will suffice for one or two minor forgeries which must be fresh in the memory of many living persons. About thirty years since a well-known publisher bought a collection of letters alleged to be in the handwriting of Shelley, one of whose oldest surviving friends testified to belief in their authenticity. They were ushered into the world by a preface from the pen of Robert Browning, but withdrawn a few days after publication upon the discovery that they were made up from articles by Sir Francis Palgrave in the *Quarterly Review*. A year or two later, a volume of letters by Schiller was announced as forthcoming, a preliminary certificate of their genuineness having been obtained from his last surviving daughter. Before they left the press they were clearly shown to be spurious. A notice of the impostures of M. Simonides, whose career has but recently terminated, will bring these examples of

fraudulent apocrypha down to our own time. His chief successes are believed to have been gained in duping the authorities of great national libraries by the sale of sham antique MSS., but for obvious reasons the particulars of these cases have not been generally disclosed, and the statements on the subject which have appeared in the public journals must be accepted with some reserve. The eminent scholar Dindorf is said to have been one of his victims in Germany. It has been stated that the trustees of the British Museum were deceived into buying from him a false memorandum addressed by Belisarius to Justinian, but the statement has been since denied. That he sold to Ismail Pasha a forged MS. of Aristotle, and to a wealthy English peer two spurious letters of Alcibiades to Pericles, for which he obtained high prices is an assertion more credible, and as yet uncontested. His most remarkable failure seems to have been at Athens, where he tried to persuade a committee of twelve scholars that a MS. of Homer, written on lotus-leaves, was a genuine codex of very early date. Eleven of the number are said to have been satisfied, "but the twelfth discovered that it was a faithful copy of the text of Homer as published by the German critic Wolff, and that the MS. reproduced the whole of the printer's errors in that edition." *

The literary fabrications which come within the second group I have selected, viz., such as are devoid of evil intention and due to the indulgence of satirical, mischievous, or playful humor, are not prominent at an earlier period than the seventeenth century. Among the first that I am acquainted with was a tract published in 1649, just after the suppression of theatres by the Parliamentary authorities, which purported to be "Mr. William Prynne, his Defence of Stage Playes, or a Retraction of a former Book of his called Histriomastix." In this *jeu d'esprit* of some mocking Cavalier, the grim old Puritan is made to blame the barbarous conduct of the Parliamentary army in taking "away the poor players from their houses, being met there to discharge the duty of their callings," and to vindicate himself from being supposed to countenance such cruelty because he had once denounced the stage—"when I had not so clear a light as now I have." Prynne's vain protest against this practical joke, which he circulated by means of handbills, must

* Hallam's Literature of Europe, i. 170.

† Hist. des Français, xiii. 593.

‡ I. D'Israeli's Curios. of Lit. iii. 300.

* Obituary notice in the *Times*, October, 1890.

have doubled the enjoyment of its malicious perpetrator.*

Not less droll was Swift's shaft of ridicule at the prophetic almanac-maker, John Partridge, which he started by issuing (under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff) a set of "Predictions for the Year 1708." Among them was announced the death of Partridge himself on the 29th of March.

After the date had gone by, Swift published . . . "The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions: being an Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge the Almanack-Maker on the 29th inst." Other wits kept up the joke. Partridge, in his next almanack, declared that he was "still living in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise." In the first number of "The Tatler" . . . Steele, in the name of Bickerstaff, continued the joke, and explained to Partridge that if he had any shame he would own himself to be dead, "for since his art was gone, the man was gone."†

Another satirical missile, impelled by political animus and aimed at a higher quarry, was among the minor productions of Johnson in 1739, when he was struggling into notice. It was entitled "Marmor Norfolciense," and assumed to be an essay upon "an ancient prophetical inscription in monkish rhyme lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk." The design of the mystification was to attack the Hanoverian dynasty and the Whig government of Sir Robert Walpole.‡

Dr. Birch, a solid historian and lexicographer of the last century, is the reputed author of a fabrication which, though intended in jest, succeeded in falsifying many veracious literary chronicles. Among the discoveries of George Chalmers the antiquary, who diligently ransacked the piles of miscellaneous periodicals at the British Museum, was a unique copy of "The English Mercurie, imprinted at London by Her Highness's Printer, 1588," which has since repeatedly been described as the earliest English newspaper. The researches, however, of a later antiquary, Mr. Thomas Watts, among the papers which Birch left behind him, disclosed the original draft of the "Mercurie," on modern paper, with corrections made for the press.§

In 1781 John Pinkerton (who subsequently became an archaeologist of repute) initiated a form of literary fabrication which became too common. A collection

of ancient Scottish ballads which he published in that year was generally accepted as a valuable contribution to the national history. In the preface to a work upon "Ancient Scottish Poets" published some years later, he confessed, with a candor bordering on effrontery, that his former volume had been a compilation of genuine antiques and imitations of his own. He exculpated himself from the suspicion of base motives in this deception by affirming that he had declined the publisher's offer of half the profits of the book. Unfortunately, innocence of intention is ineffectual to avert the consequences of a thoughtless action. Similar excuses might doubtless have been made by Pinkerton's numerous successors in the art of manufacturing modern antiques. Allan Cunningham is said to have confessed that he palmed off some ballads of his own upon a collector of ancient relics, who published them without suspicion. Robert Surtees notoriously imposed in the same way upon the credulity of Scott, when supplying him with materials for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and also victimized Hogg with some spurious Jacobite ballads. Thomas Campbell was similarly duped, when editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, by a waggish contributor who pretended to have rescued from neglect the works of a seventeenth-century dramatist named Clithero.

Perhaps the deftest artist in this department of fabrication was George Steevens, the Shakespearian commentator. Animated by an impish spirit of trickery, to which jealousy of rival antiquaries may have lent a spice of malice, he industriously devised cunning snares for their feet. He would, for example, disseminate fictitious illustrations of Shakespeare's text, in order that Malone, who was his chief butt, might be entrapped into adopting them and give him the gratification of correcting the blunder in his next edition. Under the pseudonyms of Collins and Amner, he would insert paragraphs in the daily press purporting to be curious extracts from rare books, copies of which no one who wished to verify the passages ever succeeded in discovering. Among these curiosities was the romantic story (that has found its way into Todd's "Life of Milton") of the poet's having been seen asleep under a tree by a lady who became enamored of his beauty, and placed in his hand some impassioned verses of Guarini, which, when he awoke, so fired his fancy that he made a journey to Italy in the hope of tracing her. Another was the

* I. D'Israeli's Curios. of Lit. iii. 315.

† Prof. H. Morley's First Sketch of Eng. Lit., p. 783.

‡ Ibid., p. 851; Boswell's Life (ed. of 1826), i. 97.

§ I. D'Israeli's Curios. of Lit. i. 157, note.

story of the deadly upas-tree of Java, which long obtained credit as one of the fairy-tales of science.*

It would be easy to adduce examples of the same type of fabrication from recent annals, but limitations of space allow of no more than a brief reference to the third group in my list. Literary mystifications, inspired by a purely dramatic aim, wherein, for the sake of obtaining the closest *vraisemblance*, the artist has carried imitation to the point of effecting illusion, appear to be a comparatively modern product. De Foe's "Journal of the Great Plague in London," published in 1722, and "Memoirs of a Cavalier," published in the following year, are perhaps the earliest instances in our literature. Both were successful in passing for genuine narratives, one being quoted by Dr. Mead, and the other by Lord Chatham, as the records of eye-witnesses to the scenes depicted. Another of De Foe's fictions, "The Apparition of one Mrs. Veal to her friend Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury," was written as an advertisement for Drelin-court's "Sermons upon Death," which the ghost impressively commended as a *vaticinium*. The sale of the whole edition, which had been a burden on the publisher's hands, and of several others in succession, quickly followed. The "Memoirs of Captain Carleton, by himself" (1728), a work which has been attributed to De Foe, but apparently with little reason, contains an account of Lord Peterborough's campaign in Spain, wherein Johnson "found such an air of truth that he could not doubt of its authenticity."† Sir Walter Scott, who edited the book in 1809, Lord Stanhope, and many other writers, have regarded it as a veracious narrative. The keen criticism to which the "Memoirs" have been subjected by a recent historian of the Spanish War of Succession, Colonel Parnell, has rendered it almost certain that they are substantially fictitious.‡

During the last half-century the fashion for modern antiques, *rococo*, and "make-believe" in literature has so rapidly spread that it must suffice to name a few of the most successful achievements in various provinces. In historical fiction, "Lady Willoughby's Diary," by the late Mrs. Rathbone; "Mary Powell," by Miss Manning; and "With Essex in Ireland," by the Hon. Miss Lawless, have won special

celebrity. In the field of adventurous travel such writers as Edward Trelawny, "Adventures of a Younger Son;" Charles Cochrane, "Journal of a Tour by Señor Juan de Vega;" and George Borrow, "Lavengro," may be more than half suspected of having obtained their realistic effects by a dexterous interweaving of fact and fiction. The romantic narrative of South-sea life by the American writer, Herman Melville, "Omoo," must have charmed many readers into conviction of its truth. The recently published letters, affecting to be the replies of the "Inconnue" to those addressed to her by Prosper Mérimée, have aroused an amount of curiosity which argues eloquently for the writer's skill.

No one who has been at the pains to follow the retrospective survey thus outlined will have failed to observe (1) the facility with which in uncritical ages pseudonymous or spurious writings obtained general acceptance as authentic or genuine, and maintained their hold unshaken until brought to the test of scientific criticism. The "Epistles of Phalaris," for example, and the Jewish and early Christian apocrypha, seem to have been accepted from the date of their appearance without serious demur, and enjoyed a tenure of belief that lasted through many centuries; the "Chronicle of Ingulphus," the "Charters of Durham Priory," and the "Travels of Mauder-ville" were only discovered to be forgeries within recent years; (2) the success with which, even in periods of prevalent culture, a skilful fabricator has often floated his imposture by flattering a popular appetite or ministering to the enthusiasm of a clique, and made easy dupes of men illustrious for their learning and acumen. Psalmanazar, Macpherson, Chatterton, Ireland, and Simonides are typical examples of this class. The names of their dupes, Dean Milles Bryant, Dr. Parr, George Chalmers, Sheridan, and Dindorf emphasize the warning addressed by St. Paul to those who, "professing themselves to be wise, became fools."

One conclusion, which is amply warranted by the evidence, has an obvious bearing upon a burning question of current controversy — the authority of putative Scriptures. The controversy, indeed, is but an old one revived, and the conclusion is not drawn for the first time. Two centuries ago Toland, in his "Life of Milton," referring to the fabrication of the *Eikón Basileúōn*, which Gauden successfully foisted upon the world for nearly

* I. D'Israeli's Curios. of Lit. iii. 297-304.

† Boswell's Life (Oxford ed. of 1826), iv. 300.

‡ War of the Succession in Spain, by Col. the Hon. A. Parnell, pp. 316-326.

forty years as the authentic work of Charles the First, added this judicious comment :—

When I seriously consider how all this happened among ourselves within the compass of forty years, in a time of great learning and politeness, when both parties so narrowly watched over one another's actions, and what a great revolution in civil and religious affairs was partly occasioned by the credit of that book, I cease to wonder any longer how many supposititious pieces, under the name of Christ, His apostles, and other great persons, should be published and approved in those primitive times when it was of so much importance to have them believed; . . . I doubt rather the spuriousness of several more such books is yet undiscovered, through the remoteness of those ages, the death of the persons named, and the decay of other monuments which might give us true information.*

Warned by the remembrance of so signal an illusion, and many other examples scarcely less remarkable, the inquirer who is invited by the Church to submit his reason and conscience to the authority of her sacred books, ascribed to venerable names, and reputed of hoar antiquity, is more than justified in maintaining an attitude of sceptical vigilance, and demanding the strictest proofs of their authenticity and genuineness. If it be replied that the demand is unreasonable, since under the circumstances of the case no strict proofs can be furnished, *cadit quæstio*. The exorbitant assumption that it is possible to erect a fabric of mental and spiritual domination upon a foundation of documentary evidence which it is impossible fully to test, must be frankly surrendered. But the surrender of a fallacious claim to vest the authority of a creed in the books which avouch it, need involve no sacrifice of aught that is vital in the creed itself. Let the basis of its support be shifted from the letter to the spirit, and its doctrines be left to stand upon their own merits. Upon this broad and deep foundation two of the wisest religious teachers of our time are content that Christianity should rest. The lamented Döllinger's "innermost thought," as we learn from Lord Acton's faithful portraiture of him, "was that religion exists to make men better, and that the ethical quality of dogma constitutes its value."† In the profound and masterly treatise which consummates Dr. Martineau's lifelong services to the cause of rational religion, he

thus distinguishes the sound from the unsound criteria of truth :—

We cannot say, "This doctrine is divine because it is found in a canonical book, and that is human because confined to the Apocrypha . . ." or, "This argument is demonstrative because attributed to Jesus Himself, and that is subject to doubt as reported only of Stephen or Timothy." Neither Church nor Scripture can serve, on these easy terms, as our "Rule of faith and practice," and yet both may provide adequate guidance to the highest truth and goodness. To reach it, however, without use of the discriminative faculties, and be carried blindfold into the Eternal light, is impossible. . . . The tests by which we distinguish the fictitious from the real, the wrong from the right, the unlovely from the beautiful, the profane from the sacred, are to be found within, and not without, in the methods of just thought, the instincts of pure conscience, and the aspirations of unclouded reason.*

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

* The Seat of Authority in Religion, pp. 296-7.

From The Sunday Magazine.
THE FLIGHT OF THE SHADOW.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

OLD LOVE AND NEW.

WHILE I waited thus, as nearly a log, with the weariness of spiritual unrest, as a girl could well be, the door opened. Very seldom did that door open to any one but my uncle or myself; he would let no one but me touch his books, or even dust the room. But I always heard him coming, and this time no sound of approach had reached me. I jumped from the chest where I sat.

It was only Martha Moon.

"How you startled me, Martha!" I cried.

"No wonder, child!" she answered. "I come with bad news. Your uncle has had a fall. He is laid up in Wittenage with a broken arm."

I burst into tears.

"Oh, Martha!" I cried; "I must go to him!"

"He has sent for me," she answered quietly. "I am going at once. Dick is putting the horse to the phæton."

"He doesn't want me then!" I said, but it seemed a voice not my own that shrieked the words.

* Life prefixed to edition of Milton's Works, 1698, p. 29. Conf. Dr. Martineau's Seat of Authority in Religion, p. 179.

† Eng. Hist. Review, Oct., 1890, p. 705.

The punishment of my sin was upon me. Never would he have sent for Martha and not me, I thought, had he not seen that I had gone wrong again, and was not to be trusted.

"My dear," said Martha, "which of us ought to be the better nurse? You never saw your uncle ill; I've nursed him at death's door."

"Then you don't think he is angry with me, Martha?" I said, humbled before myself.

"Was he ever angry with you, Orbie? What is there for him to be angry about? You never even displeased him!"

I had not yet realized that my uncle was suffering — only that he was disabled. I had been thinking only of myself. I was fast ceasing to care for him. And then, horrible to tell! a flash of joy went through me, that he who had hitherto been the light of my life would not be home that day, and therefore I could not tell him anything!

The moment Martha left me to get ready, I threw myself on the floor of the deserted room. I was in utter misery.

"Gladly would I bear every one of his sufferings," I said to myself, "and yet have not asked a question about his accident! He must be in danger, or he would not have sent for Martha and not me."

How had the thing happened? Had Death fallen with him — perhaps on him? My uncle was such a horseman, I could not think he had been thrown. Besides, Death was a good horse who loved his master — dearly, I was sure. A gush of the old love rose in my heart; sympathy with the horse had unsealed the spring. I longed to be with my uncle. I sprang from the floor, and ran down to beg and entreat Martha to take me with her; if my uncle did not want me, I could return with Dick, I said. But she was gone. Even the sound of her wheels was gone. I had lain on the floor longer than I knew. I went back to the study a little relieved. I understood now that I was not glad he was ill, that I was anything but glad that he was suffering; I had only been glad for an instant that the culminating moment of my perplexity was postponed. I should see John Day, and he would help me to understand what I ought to do, and how I ought to feel.

Very strange were my feelings that afternoon in the lonely house. Hitherto I had always felt it lonely when Martha was out; I never did when my uncle was out. Yet when my uncle was in, I was mostly with him, and seldom more than a few minutes

at a time with Martha. Our feelings are odd creatures. Now there was neither time nor space in my deart for feeling the house desolate; the world outside was rich as a treasure-house of mighty kings. The moment I was a little more comfortable with myself, my thoughts went in a flock back to the face that looked over the garden wall, back to the man that watched me while I slept, the man that wrote that lovely letter. Inside was old Penny and her broom; she took advantage of every absence to sweep or scour or dust; outside was John Day and the roses of the wilderness. He was waiting the hour to come to me, wondering how I would receive him.

Slowly went the afternoon. I had fallen in love at first sight, it is true; I was not therefore eager again to meet my lover. I was only more than willing to see him. It was as sweet, or nearly as sweet, to dream of his coming as to have him before me — so long as I knew that he was indeed coming. And then I was just a little anxious lest I should not find him quite so beautiful as I was imagining him. That he was good I never doubted; could I otherwise have fallen in love with him? And his letter was so straightforward — so manly!

The afternoon was cloudy, and the twilight came the sooner. From the realms of the dark, where all the birds of night build their nests, and line them with their own sooty down, the sweet, odorous, filmy dusk of the summer, haunted with wings of noiseless bats, began at length to come flickering down, in a snow infinitesimal of fluffiest grey and black, and I crept out into the garden. There it was so dark among the yews that I should have had to feel my way but that I could have gone through every alley blindfolded. An owl cried and I started, for my soul was sunk in its own love-dawn. Then came a sudden sense of light as I passed into the wilderness, but light how thin and pale, and how full of expectation! The earth and the vast air, all up to the great vault, seemed to throb and heave with life — or was it that I lay an open thoroughfare to the life of the All? With the scent of the roses, and the humbler, sweet-odored inhabitants of the wilderness; with the sound of the brook that ran through it, flowing from the heath and down the hill; with the silent starbeams, and the insects that make all the little noises they can; with the thoughts that went out of me, and returned possessed of the earth; with all these, and the sense of thought eternal,

the universe was full as it could hold, I stood in the doorway of the wall, and looked out on the wild; it was out of creation's doors, out in the illimitable, given up to the bare, to the space that had no walls! A shiver ran through me; I turned back among the yews. It was early; I would wait yet a while. If he were already there, he, too, would enjoy the calm of a lovely little wait.

A small wind came searching about, and found, and caressed me. I turned to it, and let it play with my hair, and cool my face. Then I left the alley, and went straying through the broken ground of the wilderness, among the low bushes, many of which came but up to my knees. I went meandering, as if with some frolicsome brook for a companion — a brook of many capricious windings, and so moved nearer and nearer to the fence that parted the wilderness from the heath, with my eyes bent down, partly to avoid the hillocks and bushes, and partly shy of the moment when first I should see him who was in my heart and somewhere near my eyes. Softly the moon rose, round and full. There was still so much light in the sky that she made no sudden change, and for a moment I did not feel her presence or look up. A little beyond where I stood, the high ground of the moor sank into the hollow down which came the brook, so that there the horizon was a good deal lower; the moon was rising just in the gap, and when I did look up, the lower edge of her disc was on the horizon, and over the fence looked a man whose head was right in the middle of the big, low moon, so that she was like the golden halo round the head of a saint in an illuminated missal. I could not see the face, for the halo hid it, as such attributions are apt to do, but it must be he, and strengthened by the heavenly vision, I went toward him. Walking less carefully than before, however, I caught my foot, stumbled, and fell. There came a rush through the bushes; he was by my side, lifted me like a child, and held me in his arms; neither was I more frightened than a child gathered up so in the arms of any well-known friend; I had been bred in faith and not mistrust. But, indeed, my head struck the ground with such force, that, had I been inclined, I could hardly have resisted. At the same time, why should I have resisted, being where I would be? Does not philosophy tell us that growth and development, cause and effect are all, and that the days and years are of no account? And does

not more than philosophy tell us that truth is everything?

"My darling! Are you hurt?" I heard murmured by the voice whose echoes had haunted me for so many hours.

"A little," I answered. "I shall be all right in a minute." I did not add, "Put me down, please, directly;" for I did not want to be put down directly. I could not have stood if he had put me down.

Presently the life began to come back to me, and I felt myself growing heavy in his arms.

"I think I can stand now," I said. "Please put me down."

He obeyed immediately.

"I've nearly broken your arms!" I said, ashamed of having become a burden to him the moment we met.

"I could have run with you to the top of the hill," he answered.

"I don't think you could," I returned. "I would not have you try it."

"I am at your command," he rejoined. "My arms are yours. I am yours, whether you will have me or not."

This and the way he said it, pleased me so much, that I think I leaned a little toward him. He put his arm round me.

"You are not able to stand," he said. "Shall we sit a moment?"

CHAPTER XIV.

MOTHER AND UNCLE.

I WAS glad enough to sink on a clump of white clover beside me. He stretched himself on the ground with his head at my feet. Silence followed. He was giving me time to recover myself. Therefore, as soon as I was able, it was my part to speak.

"Where is your horse?" I said.

How curious it is that persons whose meeting is a delight greater than the heart can hold, always say something at first that is not worth saying!

"I left him at a little farmhouse, about a mile off. I was afraid to bring him nearer lest my mother should learn where I had been."

"But she will miss you," I suggested.

"I do not think so. She never misses me for myself, though she likes to know where I am. But she may miss me."

"And what will you do if she does?"

"The question is rather what will she do."

"What will she do?"

"I don't know."

"She will ask you where you were?"

" Possibly. There's no knowing."

" You will tell her of course if she does?"

" I think not."

" But ought you not to tell her?"

" No."

" You are sure?"

" Yes."

" You don't mean you will tell her a story?"

" Certainly not."

" What will you do then?"

" I will tell her that I will not tell her."

" Can that be right?"

Through the dusk I could see his white teeth lighting up his smile as he answered:

" I think so. You may be quite sure I shall not tell her."

" But," I began.

He interrupted me.

It was with no hypocrisy I would have objected to the concealment of our interview. I was myself doing precisely the thing I would have questioned; but not only did I want to hear what he would say, in the hope of seeing my own duty more plainly, but I almost shuddered at the idea of having with any young man a secret against his mother—for *against* her surely her son's secret must be.

" It must look strange to you," he said; " but you don't know my mother."

" I think I do know your mother," I rejoined. " She saved my poor little life once, I think. I am not sure it was your mother, but I think it must have been."

" How could it be?" he said. " When was it?"

" Many years ago—I cannot tell how many. But I remember the time I mean very well though the lady may not have been your mother. I cannot have been more than eight, I think."

" She couldn't have been at the manor then—could she?" he said, putting the question to himself, not me. " How was it? Tell me," he went on, rising to his feet, and looking at me with a peculiar, almost frightened eagerness.

I told him the tale as I could recall the facts. He listened in absolute silence. When I had done he broke out,—

" It *was* my mother! I don't know another woman would have let a child walk like that! Any other would have put you on the horse, or taken you up beside her!"

" A gentleman would, I know," I replied. " But it is not so easy for a lady."

" She could have done it well enough, either way. She's as strong as a horse herself, and rides like an Amazon. But I am not in the least surprised; it was just

like her! You poor little darling! It nearly makes me cry, to think of the tiny feet going tramp, tramp, all that horrible way, and she high up on her big horse! She always rides the biggest horse she can get! And then never to see or say a word to you, after she brought you home!"

" Mr. Day," I returned, " I would not have told you had I known it would make you speak so naughtily of your mother. You make me unhappy."

He was silent. I thought he was ashamed of himself, and was sorry for him. But my sympathy was wasted. The next instant he broke into a murmuring laugh of merriment.

" When is a mother not a mother?" he said. " Do you give it up? When she's a north wind. When she's a Roman emperor. When she's an iceberg. When she's a brass tiger. There! that'll do. Good-bye, mother, for the present; I mayn't know much yet, as she's always telling me, but I do know that a noun is not a thing, nor a name a person."

I would have expostulated.

" For love-sake, dearest," he said, with solemnity, " don't let us dispute where only one of us knows. I will tell you all some day—soon, I hope, very soon. I am angry now! Poor little tramping child!"

I saw I had been behaving presumptuously, for I had attempted argument while in completest ignorance. Had not my uncle taught me the folly of reasoning from the ideal where no ideal was? To reason of what is by what ought to be, is worse than useless. We can reason of only what will be by what ought to be. The ideal must be our guide as to how to treat the actual, but at least the actual must be there to treat. We must know what things exist before we can deal with them. I thought I saw also, that little enlightenment as to my duty was to be got from John Day; there could be no likeness between his mother and my uncle.

" Will you tell me something about yourself, then?" I said.

" That would not be interesting," he objected.

" Then why are you here?" I returned. " Or can anything without a history be interesting? I don't know; I am only asking. You will have to tell me many things I do not know."

" Yes," he answered; " a thing that is going to have a history may be interesting."

" But would a person with a history that

was not worth telling be interesting? How then should I be interested in you? But the thing that I know will interest me in the hearing, ought to interest you in the telling."

"I see," he rejoined, with his merry laugh, "I shall have to be careful what I say! The little lady will at once find out the weak points of its logic!"

"I do not look for weak points anywhere; but my uncle has taught me that wisdom lies in knowing when I don't know a thing."

"Yours must be a very unusual kind of uncle," he returned.

"I think he has taught me how to learn," I said. "If God had made many men like my uncle, the world wouldn't be the same place."

"I wonder why he didn't!" said John Day thoughtfully.

"I have wondered much, and cannot answer the question," I replied. "Of course there is an answer!"

"What if it wouldn't be good for the world to have many good men in it before it was ready to treat them properly!" suggested John.

The words let me know that at least he could think. Hitherto my uncle had seemed the only man that thought.

"It may be so," I answered. "I will think of it. But now tell me something about yourself. Were you brought up at Rising? Have you been there all the time? Were you there that night? I should surely have known had you been in the house!"

He looked at me with a grateful smile.

"I was not brought up there," he answered. "Rising is my property, however — at least will be when I come of age. It was left me some ten years ago by a great-aunt. My father's property will be mine too of course. He left my mother some property in Ireland. She ought to be in Ireland, not here, but she likes my estates better than her own, and makes the most of being my guardian."

"But you would not have her go there if she is happier here!"

"All who have land ought to live on it, or else give it to those who do. What makes it theirs if their only connection with it is the money it brings them? If I let my horse run wild over the country, how could I claim him, and refuse to pay his damages?"

"I don't quite understand you."

"Well, never mind; I don't put it quite clearly. But for my mother, I can say one thing plainly — that I would as soon take

a wife to the house she was in, as I would ask her to creep with me into the den of a hyena."

It was too dreadful. I rose from my clover-throne.

"You must excuse me, sir," I said. "With one who can speak so of his mother, I am where I ought not to be."

"You have a right to know what my mother is," he answered — coldly I thought, "and I should not be a true man if I spoke of her otherwise than I have done."

He had risen when I rose. He would pretend nothing to please me. I saw that I was again in the wrong. Was I so little read as to imagine that a mother must of necessity be a good woman? Must he speak of his mother as he did not believe of her, or be unfit for my company? Would untruth be a fitting bond between us?

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I was wrong. But you can hardly wonder I should be shocked to hear a son speak so of his mother to one all but a stranger."

"What!" he returned, with a look of surprise; "do you think of me so — as a stranger? I feel as if I had known you all my life — and before it."

I was ashamed and silent.

"You must not think I speak so to *any* one," he said. "Of those who know my mother and do not know her, not one has a right to demand of me the truth concerning her. But what right could I have to ask you to see me if I would not tell you the truth about my mother? Truth is at the root of all right. Wisdom says: 'Have nothing to do with the son of such a woman!' Not to tell you what she was, yet to seek your love, would make me a liar."

He made it clear he felt far too strongly to be influenced by a world of commonplaces.

"Forgive me," I said. "May I sit down again?"

He held out his hand. I took it, and so reseated myself on the clover-hillock. He laid himself again at my feet. After a little silence, he resumed, and told me a good deal more — only of his outward history, however, while what I wanted was to know how he had come to be the kind of man he was. Plainly it was not easy to him to talk about himself. But I heard nothing more to wake the doubt whether I ought to have met him, and was loving him a great deal more by the time he had done than when he began.

I then told him in return what my life

had hitherto been; how I knew nothing of father or mother; how my uncle had been everything to me, had taught me everything, had helped me to love what was good and hate what was evil, had made me know and love good books, and turn away from foolish ones. In short, I made him feel that all his mother had not been to him, my uncle had been to me; and that it would take a long time to make me as much indebted to a husband as already I was to my uncle. Then I put my question: —

"What would you think of me," I said, "if I were to have a secret from an uncle like that?"

"If I had an uncle like that," he answered, "I would sooner have my throat cut than keep anything from him."

"I'm so glad," I cried. "You side with my conscience! He shall be told the minute he is able to hear it. But you understand it is just my love for my uncle that makes it hard to tell him? It has the look of turning away from him to love another."

"It has that look, but I trust it is only a look. Anyhow he knows that such things must be; and the more he is a good man and a gentleman the less will he be pained that we should love one another."

"I am sure of all that," I replied. "I am only afraid that he may never have been in love himself, and so does not know how it feels, and, not understanding it, may think I have forsaken him for you."

"Have you been always together?"

"No; I have been a good deal alone. He has always given me perfect liberty."

"Then he could live without you?"

"Yes, indeed. He would be a poor creature that could not live without another!"

He said nothing, and I added, —

"He often goes out alone without me — sometimes in the darkest midnights."

"Then be sure he knows what love is — or at least will understand when you tell him. But, if you would rather, I will tell him."

"I could not have any one, even you, tell my uncle any news about me."

"You are right. When will you tell him?"

"I cannot be sure. I would go to him to-morrow, but they will not let me until he has got a little over this accident." Then I told John what had happened. "It is dreadful to think how he must have suffered," I said, "and how much more I should have thought about it but for you,

It tears my heart. Why wasn't it made bigger?"

"Perhaps that is just what is now being done with it," he answered.

"I hope it may," I returned. "But it is time I went in."

"Shall I not see you again to-morrow evening?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "You have helped me to see what is right. It is clear to me now. I must not see you again till I have told my uncle everything."

"You do not mean for weeks and weeks — till he is well enough to be brought home! How *am* I to live till then?"

"As I shall have to live. But I hope it will be but for a few days. Only then much will depend on what my uncle thinks."

"Will he decide for you what you are to do?"

"Yes — I think so. Perhaps if he were —"

I was on the point of saying, "like your mother, I would act for myself;" but I stopped in time — or hardly, for I fear he saw what I just saved myself from. Never, then or after, did he once press me to complete an interrupted sentence.

But he looked so sad, that I felt driven to say a word more.

"I don't think there is any good," I remarked, "in resolving what you will or will not do, before the occasion appears, compelling decision. I will try to do what is right. I cannot promise anything without knowing what my uncle thinks."

We rose. He took me in his arms for a moment, and we parted with the understanding that I was to write to him as soon as I had spoken with my uncle.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TIME BETWEEN.

THE certainty with which I now saw so far, was a wonder to me. So was the ease of my mind, now I had resolved, on the first opportunity, to make my uncle acquainted with what I had done. I might be in doubt about revealing my thoughts; I could be in none about revealing my actions. I found also that it was much less appalling, somehow, to tell what I had done, than to tell what I was feeling.

I may here be allowed to remark, in addition, how much easier an action is when immediately demanded, than it seems while it lies in the contingent future — when the thing is before you in its reality, and not as a mere thought-spectre. The thing itself and the idea of it are two

such different grounds upon which to come to a decision !

One thing more : when a woman wants to do right—I do not mean wants to coax the right to side with her—she will, somehow, be led to see right.

My uncle was very feverish and troubled the first night, and had a good deal of delirium, during which his care and anxiety seemed all about me. Martha had to assure him every other moment that I was well and in no danger of any sort ; he would be silent for a time, and then again be tormented with forebodings about me. In the morning, however, he was better, only he looked sadder than usual. She thought he was anxious about me. So much I gathered from Martha's letter, by no means scholarly, but graphic enough.

Its contents gave me much pain. My uncle was miserable about me ; he had seen, and he knew and felt, that something had come between us. Alas, it was no fancy of the brain-troubled soul ! Whether I was in fault or not, there was that something. It troubled that unity that had hitherto seemed a state essential and indivisible.

Dared I go to him without a summons ? I knew Martha would call me the moment the doctor allowed her, and did not feel it would be right to go without that call, especially as what I had to tell might justify more anxiety than the sight of me would counteract. If I went and said nothing, the keen eye of his love would but see the more plainly that there was something hid in my silence—that all was not as it had been betwixt us. I resolved therefore to remain where I was, waiting as patiently as I could.

The next two days were perhaps the most uncomfortable ever I spent. A secret that one desires to turn out of doors at the first advantage, is not a comfortable companion. I do not say I was unhappy, still less that once I wished I had not seen John Day, but oh, how I longed to love him openly ! how I longed for my uncle's sanction, without which our love could not be perfected ! Then John's mother was by no means a gladsome thought. But however his feeling toward her might demand explanation, he must be a good man indeed who was good in spite of being unable to love, respect, or trust his mother ! The true notion of heaven is to be with everybody one loves ; to him the presence of his mother would destroy any heaven. What a painful but salutary shock it will be to those whose existence is such a glorifying of themselves that

they imagine their presence necessary to all about them, when they learn that their disappearance from the world sent a thrill of relief through the hearts of those nearest them ! It will one day prove a strong medicine for souls self-absorbed, to learn how little they were prized. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed."

CHAPTER XVI.

FAULT AND NO FAULT.

THE next day I kept the house till the evening, and then went walking in the garden in the twilight. Between the dark alleys and the open wilderness I flitted and wandered, alternating gloom and gleam outside me, even as they chased one another within me.

In the wilderness all at once I looked up—and there was John ! He stood outside the fence, just as I had seen him the night before, only now there was no aureole about his head ; the moon had not yet reached the horizon.

My first feeling was anger ; he had broken our agreement. I did not reflect that there was such a thing as breaking a law, or even a promise, and being blameless. He leaped the fence, and clearing every bush like a deer, came straight toward me. It was no use trying to escape him. I turned my back, and stood. He stopped close behind me, a yard or two away.

"Will you not speak to me ?" he said. "It's not my fault I am come."

"Whose fault else can it be ?" I rejoined, with difficulty keeping my position.

"My mother's, of course !" he answered.

I turned and looked him in the eyes, saw through the dusk that he was troubled, ran to him, and put my arms about him.

"She has been spying," he said, as soon as he could speak. "She will part us at any risk if she can. She is having us watched this very moment, most likely. She may be watching us herself. She is a terrible woman, my mother, when she is for or against anything. Literally, I don't know what she would not do to get her own way. She lives for her own way. The loss of it would be as the loss of her soul. She'll lose it this time. She'll fail this time—for the first time, so far as I know."

"Well," I returned, nowise inclined to take her part, "I hope she will fail ! What does she say ?"

"She says she would rather go to her grave than see me the husband of one of your family."

"What is there against my uncle? Is there anything against Martha Moon? What have I done? What is it?"

"I don't think she has had time to invent anything against you yet; but she pretends there is something, and says if I don't give you up at once, if I don't swear never to look at you again, she will tell that something."

"What did you say?"

"I said no power on earth should make me give you up. Whatever she knew, she could know nothing against *you*, and I was as ready to go to my grave as she was. 'Mother,' I said, 'you may tell my determination by your own! When man and woman are both determined, then comes the tug! But I tell you this,' I said, 'whether I marry her or not, you and I part company the day I come of age; and if in the mean time you speak word or do deed against one of that family, my lawyer shall look strictly into your accounts as my guardian.' You see I knew where to touch her!"

"It is dreadful you should have to speak like that to your mother."

"It is; but you would feel to her just as I do, if you knew all — though you wouldn't speak so roughly. For that, even a man would have to live with her as long as I have done."

"Can you guess what she has in her mind?"

"Not in the least. She will pretend anything. It is enough that she is determined to part us. How, she cares nothing, so she succeeds."

"But she cannot!"

"It rests with you."

"How with me?"

"It will be war to the knife between her and me. If she succeeds, it must be with you."

"What will you do to prevent it?"

"Anything except lie."

"What if you should see it your duty to give me up?"

"What if there was no difference between right and wrong! We're as good as married!"

"Yes, of course; but I cannot quite promise, you know, until I hear what my uncle will say."

"If your uncle is half as good a man as you have made me think him, he will do what he can on our side. He loves what is fair; and what can be fairer than that those who love each other should marry!"

On my side, my uncle alone had a word in the matter, and I knew he would not willingly interfere with my happiness. For me, I should never marry another than John Day — that was a thing of course; had he not kissed me? But the best of lovers had been parted, and that which had been, might be again, though I could not see how. It was good to hear John talk as he did; it was the right way for a lover to talk; but he had no supremacy over what was to be!

"Some would say it cannot be so great matter, seeing we have known each other such a little while," I remarked.

"The true time is the long enough!" he replied. "Would it be a sign that our love was strong, that it took a great while to grow up? The strongest things —"

There he stopped, and I saw why; strongest things are not generally of quickest growth. But there is the eucalyptus! And was not St. Paul as good a Christian as any of them? I said nothing, however. There was indeed no rule in the matter.

"You must allow it possible," I said, "that we may not be married."

"I will not," he answered. "It is true my mother may get me brought in as incapable of managing my own affairs; but —"

"What mother would do such a wicked thing?" I cried.

"*She* would!"

"Oh!"

"*She* would!"

"I can't believe it."

"I am sure of it."

I held my peace. I could not help a sense of dismay at thus approaching such a woman. I knew of bad women, but only in books; it would appear they were in other places as well.

"We must be on our guard," he said.

"Against what?"

"Whatever she may do."

"How can we tell she begins?"

"She has begun."

"How?" I asked, incredulous.

"Leander is lame," he answered.

"I am so sorry!"

"I am so angry!"

"Is it possible I understand you?"

"Quite. *She* did it."

"How do you know?"

"I can no more prove it than I can doubt it."

"Is it not possible to know so as to be able to prove it?"

"I cannot inquire into my mother's proceedings. I leave that sort of thing to

her. Let her spy on me as she will, I am not going to spy on her."

"Of course not. But if you have no proof, how can you state the thing as a fact?"

"I have what is proof enough for saying it to my own soul."

"But you have spoken of it to me."

"You are my better soul. If you are not, then I have done wrong."

I hastened to tell him I had only made him say what I hoped he meant. He wanted me then to promise that I would marry him in spite of any and every thing. I promised that I would never marry any one but him. I could not say more, not knowing what my uncle might think, but so much was but fair and right. I had gone as far as to convey distinctly that I loved him; and what sort would that love be that could regard it as possible, at any distance of time, to marry another! or what sort of woman could she be that would shrink from such a pledge! The mischief lies in promises made without knowledge, without forecasting thought. I knew what I was about. I saw forward and backward and all around me. A solitary education opens eyes that, in the midst of companions and engagements, are apt to remain shut. Knowledge of the world is no safeguard to man or woman. In the knowledge and love of truth and rightness, lies our only safety.

With that promise he had to be, and was, content.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SUMMONS.

NEXT morning the post brought me the following letter from my uncle. Whoever of my readers may care to enter into my feelings as I read, must imagine them for herself; I will not attempt to describe them. The letter was not easy to read, as it was written in bed, and with his left hand.

"MY LITTLE ONE,—I think I know more than you imagine. I think the secret flew into your heart of itself; you did not take it up and put it there. I think you tried to drive it out, and it would not go; the same fate that clips the thread of life had clipped its wings that it could fly no more. Did my little one think I had not a heart big enough to hold her secret? I wish it had not been so; danger may lurk in that fancy. Of one thing I pray my little one to be sure—that I am all on her side; that my will is to do and contrive

the best for her that lies in my power. Should I be unable to do what she would like, she must yet believe me true to her as to my God, less than whom only I love her; less, because God is so much bigger that so much more love will hang upon him. I love you, dear, more than any other creature except one, and that one is not in this world. Be sure that, whatever it may cost me, I will be to you what your own perfected soul will approve. Not to do my best for you would be to be false, not to God only, but to your father as well, whom I loved and love dearly. Come to me, my child, and tell me all. I know you have done nothing wrong, nothing to be ashamed of. Some things are so difficult to tell that it needs help to make way for them; I will help you. I am better. Come to me at once, and we will break the creature's shell together, and see what it is like, the shy thing.

"Your Uncle."

I was so eager to go to him that it was with difficulty I finished the letter before starting. Death had been sent home, and was in the stable, sorely missing his master. I called Dick, and told him to get ready to ride with me to Wittenage; he must take Death, and be at the door with Twilight in twenty minutes.

We started. As we left the gate, I caught sight of John, coming from the other direction, with his eyes on the ground, lost in meditation. I stopped. He saw me, and was at my side in a moment.

"I have heard from my uncle," I said. "He wants me. I am going to him."

"If only I had my horse," he said.

"Why shouldn't you take Death," I rejoined.

"No," he answered, after a moment's hesitation. "It would be an impertinence. I will walk, and see you there. It's only sixteen miles, I think. What a splendid creature he is!"

"He's getting into years now," I replied, "but he has been in the stable several days, and I am doubtful whether Dick will quite manage him."

"Then I know your uncle would rather I rode him. He knows I am no tailor!" said John.

"How?" I asked.

"I don't mean he knows who I am, but he saw me about a fortnight ago, in one of our own fields, giving Leander, who is but three, a lesson or two. He stopped and looked on for a good many minutes, and said a kind word about my handling

of the horse. He will remember, I am sure."

"How glad I am he knows something of what you are like. If you don't mind being seen with me then, there's no reason why you should not give me your escort."

Dick was not sorry to dismount, and we rode away together.

I was glad of this for one definite reason, as well as many indefinite; I wanted John to see my letter, and know what reason I had to love my uncle. I forgot for the moment my resolution not to meet him again before telling my uncle everything. Somehow he seemed to be going with me to receive my uncle's approval.

He read the letter, old Death carrying him all the time as gently as he carried myself—I often rode him now—and returned it with the tears in his eyes. For a moment or two he did not speak. Then he said in a very solemn way,—

"I see. I oughtn't to have a chance if he be against me. I understand now why I could not get you to promise. All right. The Lord have mercy upon me!"

"That he will. He is always having mercy upon us!" I answered, loving John and my uncle and God more than ever. I loved John for this especially, at the moment—that his nature remained uninjured towards others by his distrust of her who should have had the first claim on his confidence. I said to myself that, if a man had a bad mother and yet was a good man, there could be no limit to the goodness he must come to. That he was a man after my uncle's own heart, I had no longer the least doubt. Nor was it a small thing to find that he rode beautifully—never seeming to heed his horse, and yet in constant touch with him.

We reached the town, and the inn where my uncle was lying. On the road we had arranged where he would be waiting me to hear what came next. He went to see the horses put up, and I ran to find Martha, who had seen us arrive, wondering at my escort. She met me on the stair, then went straight to my uncle to tell him I was come. She returned almost immediately, and led me to his room.

I was not a little shocked to see how pale and ill he looked. I feared, and was right in fearing, that anxiety about myself had not a little to do with his condition. His face brightened when he saw me, but his eyes gazed into mine with a searching inquiry as to the effect his letter had had upon me. His face brightened yet more when he found his eager look answered

by the smile which my perfect satisfaction and understanding inspired. I knelt by the bedside, afraid to touch him lest I should hurt his arm.

Slowly he laid his left hand on my head, and I knew he blessed me silently. For a minute or two he lay still.

"Now tell me all about it," he said at length, turning his patient blue eyes on mine.

I began at once, and if I did not tell him everything, I let it be plain there was more of the sort behind, concerning which he might question me. When I had ended,—

"Is that everything?" he asked, with a smile so like all he had ever been to me, that my whole heart seemed to go out to meet it.

"Yes, uncle," I answered, "I think I may say so—except that I have not dwelt upon my feelings, or their natural expression. Love, they say, is shy, and I fancy you will pardon me that portion."

"Willingly, my child. More would have been useless."

"Then you know how I have been feeling, uncle?" I ventured. "I was afraid you might not understand me. Could any one, do you think, that had not had the same strange kind of consciousness?"

He made me no answer. I looked up. He was ghastly white; his head had fallen back against the bed. I started up, hardly smothering a shriek.

"What is it, uncle?" I gasped. "Shall I fetch Martha?"

"No, my child," he answered. "I shall be better in a moment. I am subject to little attacks of the heart, but they do not mean much. Give me some of that medicine on the table."

In a few minutes his color began to return a little, and the smile which was forced at first, gradually brightened until it was genuine.

"I will tell you the whole story one day, "whether in this world I am doubtful. But when is nothing, or where, with eternity before us."

"Yes, uncle," I answered vaguely, and was silent.

"A person," he said, after a while, slowly, and with hesitating effort, "may look at one time a much better person than at another. Sometimes he is so happy, or perhaps so well pleased with himself, that the good in him comes all to the surface."

"Would he be the better or the worse man if it did not, uncle?" I asked.

"You must not get me into a metaphys-

ical discussion now, little one," he answered. "Something more important than casuistry is on our hands. I want you to note that, when a person is happy, he will look lovable; but he may, things going as he does not like, show another and very unfinished phase of character."

"Surely everybody must know that, uncle."

"Then you can hardly expect me to be confident that your new friend would look to you as lovable if he were unhappy."

"I have seen you, uncle, look as if nothing would ever make you smile again; but I knew you loved me all the time."

"Did you, my darling! Then you were right. I dare not require of any man that he should be as good-tempered in trouble as out of it — though he must come to that at last — but a man must be *just*, whatever mood he is in."

"That is what I know you to be always, uncle. I never waited for a change in your looks, to tell you anything I wanted to tell you. I know you, uncle!" I added, with a glow of still triumph.

"Thank you, little one," he returned half playfully, yet gravely. "All I want to say comes to this, that when a man is in love, you see only the best of him, or something better than he really is. Much good may be in a man, for God made him, and the man yet not be good, for he has done nothing since his making, to make himself. Before you can say you know a man, you must have seen him in a few at least of his opposite moods. Therefore you cannot wonder that I should desire a fuller knowledge of this young man, than your testimony, founded on an acquaintance of three or four days, can give me."

"Let me tell you, then, something that happened to-day," I said. "When first I asked him to come with me this morning, it was a temptation to him of course, not knowing when we might see each other again; but he hadn't his own horse, and said you would not like a man you did not know to be riding yours."

"I hope you did not come alone!"

"Oh, no. I had set out with Dick, but John came, after all."

"Then his refusal to ride my horse without my leave does not come to much. It is a small thing to have good impulses that are weak; temptation soon turns them out of the way."

"But I haven't done telling you, uncle."

"I am too hasty, little one. I beg your pardon."

"I want to tell you what made him give in to riding your horse. I confessed I

was a little anxious lest Death, who had not been exercised for some days, should be too much for Dick. John said he had, not long ago, seen you on his back, and you had spoken very kindly to him of the way he handled the young horse he was himself riding."

"Oh, that's the young fellow is it?" cried my uncle, in a tone that could not be mistaken for other than one of pleasure. "That's the fellow, is it?" he repeated. "H'm!"

"I hope you liked the look of him, uncle," I ventured to say, my heart giving an ungracious swallow of fear.

"The boy is a gentleman, anyhow," he answered. You may think whether I was pleased. "I never saw man carry himself better horseward," he added, with a smile.

"Then you won't object to his riding Death home again?" I ventured.

"Not in the least," he replied. "The man can ride."

"And may I go with him? — that is, if you do not want me — I wish I could stay with you!"

"Rather than ride home with him?"

"Yes, indeed, if it were to be of use to you."

"The only way you can be of use to me, is to ride home with Mr. Day, and not see him again until I have had a little talk with him. Tyranny may be a sense of duty, you know, little one."

"Tyranny, uncle!" I cried, as I laid his hand to my cheek, "you *could* not make me think you a tyrant."

"I should not like you to think me one, darling! Still less would I like to deserve it, whether you thought me one or not." Then, after a little pause, "I have no power over you," he added. "You do not require even to come of age to defy me."

"That would be to poison my own soul," I answered.

"Do not think," he continued, "that I have any legal authority over you. If you were going to marry Mr. Day to-morrow, I should have no *right* to interfere. I have been but a poor make-shift father to you, not a legal guardian."

"Don't cast me off, uncle!" I cried. "You *know* I belong to you as much as if you were my very own father. I am sure my father will say so when we see him. He will never come between you and me."

He gave a great sigh, and his face grew so intense that I felt as if I had no right to see it.

"It is perhaps the deepest hope of my existence," he said, "to give you back to him the best of daughters. Even a fear

of failure in that, would, I feel, kill me. Be good, my darling, be good, even if you die of sorrow because of it."

The intensity of his look had faded to a deep sadness, and there came a silence.

"Would you like me to go now, uncle?" I asked.

"I wish I could see Mr. Day at once," he said, "but I am so far from strong, that I fear both weakness and injustice. Tell him I want very much to see him, and will let him know as soon as I am able."

"Thank you, uncle. He will be so glad. Of course he can't feel just as I do, but he does feel that to do anything you did not like, would be just horrid."

"And you will not see him again, little one, after he has taken you home, till I have had some talk with him?"

"Of course I will not, uncle."

I bade him good-bye, had a moment's talk with Martha, and found John Day at the place appointed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN SEES SOMETHING.

As we rode, I told John everything. It was strange that it did not seem strange to find myself so close to one whom a few days before I had never heard of; it seemed as if all my life I had been waiting for him, and now he was come, and everything was just and only as it should be. We were very quiet in our gladness. A little anxiety about my uncle's decision, and the certain foreboding of trouble on the part of his mother, stilled us both, and sent the delight of having found each other down deeper, a little out of the way, leaving the practical and reasoning freer to act.

We did not urge our horses to their speed, but I felt that, for my uncle's sake, I must not prolong the journey, and force the last farthing of bliss from his generosity while yet he was uncertain of his duty. The moon had, nevertheless, long risen before we reached my home. John would have to walk miles to reach his, and just as we stopped at the gate I suddenly thought myself that neither of us had eaten anything since we left in the morning. I got what I could find for him to eat on his way, and he confessed that now I had made him think of it, he was hungry enough to eat anything less than an ox. So we parted merrily. But when next we met, each confessed it had not been without a presentiment of impending danger.

For my part, notwithstanding the position I had presumed to take with John when first he spoke of his mother, I was now more distrustful of her than he; which came, I suppose, from being more apprehensive for him than he was for himself.

It was a moonlight night, and much the nearest way between our house and his lay across the desolate heath. John walked along, eating the supper I had given him, and sending now and then a sweep of the eyes round the horizon of the heath. All at once he thought he saw, dim in the ghostly light of the moon, straight before him, a speck that might be something alive, coming toward him along the track. He said to himself he had not expected to meet any one on the moor at such time of night, and went on with his supper, looking up occasionally to note the vague degrees of the object's approach. Looking up once more, after, he supposed, a longer interval, he saw that the thing was near, but surrounded with a light fog which had in the mean time risen. The next moment a strange thrill of recognition went through him, for which what he saw at first could ill account; there, just before him, and drawing nearer, came what could be neither the horse that had carried him that day, nor his double, but was so like him in color, size, and bone, and so unlike him in muscle and bearing, that he might have been his skeleton, nearly worn out, but alive. The spectral horse and his rider came through the fog straight down upon John, regardless that the track was but a foot-path, as if both were asleep, and saw nothing in their way. He stepped aside to let them pass, and then first John looked in the face of the horseman; with a shock of fear that struck him in the middle of the body, making him gasp and choke, he saw plain before him — so that, but for the impossibility, he could have sworn to him in any court of justice — the man whom he knew to be at that moment confined to his bed, twenty miles away, with a broken arm. They were the sole human beings within sight or sound in that still moonlight, on that desolate moor, but the horseman never lifted his head, or even raised his eyes to look at him. John stood stunned. At the moment he could not doubt he had seen an apparition. When at length he roused himself and looked in the direction in which it went, it had dwindled away in the mist, and presently was out of sight.

He ate no more, but found his way home and to his own room almost mechanically. There he went straight to

bed, but for a long time, weary as he was, could not sleep.

For what might not the apparition portend? Mr. Whichcote lay hurt by a fall from his horse called Death, and he had met his likeness on the back of just such a horse, but a skeleton. Was he bearing him away to the tomb?

CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN IS TAKEN ILL.

IN the middle of the night he woke with a start, ill enough to feel that he was going to be worse. His head throbbed; the room seemed turning round with him, and when it settled, he saw strange shapes in it. A few rays of the sinking moon got in between the curtains of one of the windows, and seemed to prevent things from going to sleep; they were all awake. Everything looked odd—so unpleasantly odd that he concluded something unnatural, or at least unearthly, must be near him. The room was an old-fashioned one, in thorough keeping with the age of the house—the very haunt for a ghost, but John tried to comfort himself that he had heard of no ghost in that room. He got up to drive away his oppression, and drink some water. That he drew the curtains aside, to let in a little more light, proves to me that he was in no subjection to an apprehensive imagination; for what man, with a brooding terror couched in him, would, in the middle of the night, let in the moon? To a man in such a condition, the moonlight is worse than the deepest darkness. The moon was going down in the west, with that weary look she gets by the time her work is about over for the night—as if she were forsaken even by the poor mortals for whose comfort she had to be up and shining all night long. He poured himself out some water, drank it, and thought it did not taste nice. Then he turned to the window, and looked out.

The house was in the middle of a large park. The few trees that stood here and there served mainly to show how wide were the unbroken spaces of grass. Some owner had disliked the proximity of trees, and had made a wide lake of green about the house; and in this lake, a hundred yards or so from the house, motionless as a statue, John saw standing a great grey horse with hanging neck, his shadow stretched in a mighty grotesque behind him, and on his back the very effigy of my uncle, motionless too as marble. The horse stood sidewise to the house, but, the face of his rider was turned toward it, as

if scanning its windows in the dying glimmer of the moon. John thought he heard a cry somewhere, and went and opened his door, but listening hard for a few moments, heard nothing. When he looked again from the window, a slight fog had arisen, and the apparition seemed fainter, and much farther away, although horse and rider were in the same posture, and opposite the same part of the house. He rubbed his eyes to see more plainly, but could no longer distinguish it, and went back to bed. In the morning he was in a high fever—unconscious save of restless discomfort, and undefined trouble.

He learned afterwards from the old house-keeper, that his mother came herself to his room to nurse him, but throughout his illness he refused nourishment or medicine from her hand, behaving exactly as if he thought she meant to poison him. No doctor was sent for; and I cannot but think that the water in his bottle had to do with the illness that came upon him that night. The intention may have been to prevent him from coming to me. She doubtless regarded as unjust whatever came between her and any power she possessed, or had a desire to possess.

It seems pretty clear that for the time at least the conviction had got possession of him that his mother was attempting his life. From what he knew of her, he may have argued in semi-conscious moments, that she was quite capable of imagining she had the right to take again what she was equally capable of imagining she had given. At the same time it is possible that she became alarmed at seeing him worse than she had intended to make him, and was only endeavoring to counteract what she had done.

For several days he was prostrate with extreme exhaustion. Necessarily, I knew nothing of this; neither was I, doubting his mother as I did, in any immediate dread of her possible proceeding. I may just remind my reader that the cessation of his visits could cause me no anxiety, seeing that was thoroughly understood between us.

CHAPTER XX.

YET ANOTHER AND LONGER VISIT.

ON the third night after that on which he left me to walk home, I was roused between twelve and one, by a sharp sound as of sudden hail against my window, which ceased as soon as it began. Wondering what it was, for hail it could hardly be, I sprang from the bed, pulled aside

the curtain, and looked out. There was light enough from the moon to let me see a man looking up at the window, and love enough in my heart to make me recognize him at once. How he knew the window mine, I always forgot to ask him. I would have drawn back, for it vexed me sorely to think him too weak to hold to our agreement, but the face I looked down upon was so ghastly and deathlike, that I perceived at once his coming must have its justification. I did not speak, for I would not have any in the house hear; but putting on my shoes and a big cloak, I went softly down the stair, opened the door noiselessly, and ran to the other side of the house. There stood John, with his eyes fixed on my window. As I turned the corner I could see by their weary flashing, that either something terrible had happened, or he was very ill. He stood motionless, unaware of my approach.

"What is it?" I said under my breath, putting a hand on each of his shoulders from behind.

He did not turn his head or answer me, but grew yet whiter, gasped, and seemed ready to fall. I put my arm round him, and his head sank on my shoulder.

Whatever might be the matter, the first thing was to get him into the house, and make him lie down. I moved a little, holding him fast, and mechanically he followed his support; so that, with some difficulty, I got him round the house, and into the great hall kitchen, our usual sitting-room; for there was fire that would only want rousing, and, warm as was the night, I felt him very cold. I laid him on a wide, comfortable sofa, covered him with my cloak, and ran to rouse old Penny. The aged sleep lightly, and she was up in an instant. I told her that a gentleman I knew had come to the house, either walking in his sleep or delirious, and it would have been murder not to let him in; she must come and help me with him. She struck a light and we went back to the kitchen.

John lay with his eyes closed, in a dead faint. We got him to swallow some brandy, and he came to himself a little. Then we put him into my warm bed, and covered him with blankets. In a minute or so he was fast asleep, and had not spoken a word. I left Penny to watch him, and went and dressed myself, thinking hard—the result of which was, that, having enjoined Penny to let no one near him, *whoever* it might be, I went to the stable, saddled Zoe, and set off for Wittegate.

It was sixteen miles of a ride. The moon went down, and the last of my journey was very dark, for the night was cloudy, but we arrived in safety, just as the dawn was promising to come as soon as it could. No one in the town seemed up, or thinking of getting up. I had learned a lesson from John, however, and I knew Martha's window, which happily looked on the street. I got off Zoe, who was tired enough to stand still, for she was getting old and I had not spared her, and proceeded to search for a stone small enough to throw at the window, which was not easy to find. The scared face of Martha showed itself almost immediately.

"It's me!" I cried, no louder than she could just hear; "it's me, Martha; come down and let me in."

Without a word of reply, she left the window, and after some fumbling with the lock, opened the door, and came out to me, looking grey with scare, but none the less with all her wits to her hand.

"How is my uncle, Martha?" I said.

"Much better," she answered.

"Then I must see him at once."

"He's fast asleep, child. It would be a world's pity to wake him."

"It would be a worse pity not," I returned.

"Very well; must-be must," she answered.

I made Zoe fast to the lamp-post; the night was warm, and hot as she was, she would take no hurt. Martha had waited, and I followed her up the stair.

But my uncle was awake, and having heard a little of our motions and whisperings, lay in expectation of something.

"I thought I should hear from you soon," he said. "I wrote to Mr. Day on Thursday, and was wondering I had no reply. What has happened? Nothing serious, I hope."

"I hardly know, uncle. But John Day is lying at our house unable to move or speak."

My uncle started as if to spring from his bed, but fell back again with a groan.

"Don't be alarmed, uncle!" I said. "He is, I hope, safe for the moment, with Penny to watch him; but I am very anxious Dr. Southwell should see him."

"How did it come about, little one?"

"There has been no accident, so far as I understand. But I scarcely know more than you," I replied—and told him so far as I could what had taken place.

He lay still a moment thinking.

"I can't say I like his being there with only Penny to take care of him!" he said.

"He must have come seeking refuge. I don't like the thing at all. He is in some danger."

"I will go back at once, uncle," I said, and rose from the bedside, where I had seated myself a little tired.

"You must, if we cannot do better. But I think we can. Martha shall go, and you will stay with me. Run at once and wake Dr. Southwell. He will come directly."

I ran all the way — it was not far — and pulled the doctor's night-bell. He answered it himself. I gave him my uncle's message, and he was at the inn a few minutes after me. My uncle told him what had happened, and begged him to go and see the patient, and carry Miss Martha Moon with him in his gig.

The doctor said he would start at once. My uncle warned him that things were worse than uncomfortable for the poor fellow at home, and begged him to give strictest orders that *no* one was to see him, whoever it might be. Martha heard, and her face grew like that of a colonel of dragoons, ordered to charge with his regiment.

In less than half an hour they started — at a pace that delighted me.

When Zoe was put up and attended to, and I was alone with my uncle, I got him some breakfast to make up for the loss of his sleep. He told me it was better than sleep to know me near him.

What I went through that night and the following day, betwixt fear and hope, I need not recount. Any one who has loved one in danger and out of her reach, will know what it was like. The doctor did not make his appearance until five o'clock, having seen some other patients on his way back. The young man, he reported, was certainly in for a fever of some kind — he could not yet pronounce which. He would see him again on the morrow, he said, and by that time it would have declared itself. Some one in the neighborhood must watch the case; it was impossible for him to give it sufficient attention. My uncle told him he was now quite equal to it himself, and we would all go together the next day. You may imagine my delight at the proposal, and my satisfaction that the doctor made no objection to it.

For joy I scarcely slept that night; I was going to nurse John! But I was anxious about my uncle. He assured me, however, that in one day more he would in any case have insisted on returning. If it had not been for a little fever, he said, he would have gone much sooner.

"That came because you were uncomfortable about me, uncle." I answered with contrition.

"Perhaps," he replied; "but I had a blow on the head, you know!"

"There is one good thing," I said; "you will know John all the sooner from seeing him ill. But perhaps you will count that only a mood, uncle, and not to be trusted."

He smiled. I think he was not *very* anxious about the result of a nearer acquaintance with John Day. I believe he had some faith in my spiritual instinct.

Uncle went with the doctor in his brougham, and I rode Zoe. The back of the house came first in sight, and I saw the window-blinds of my room still down. The doctor had said it was the fittest for the invalid, and would not have him moved to the guest-chamber Penny had prepared for him.

So in the only room I had ever occupied as my own, I nursed John for a space of three weeks.

From the moment he saw me, he began to improve. My uncle noted this, and I fancy liked John the better for it. He did not fail to note the gentleness and gratitude of the invalid.

CHAPTER XXI.

A FOILED ATTEMPT.

THE morning after my uncle's return, came a messenger from Rising with his lady's compliments, asking if Mr. Whichcote could tell her anything of her son; he had left the house unseen, and as he was ill, and she had no tidings of him, she was in great anxiety, and making inquiry about him everywhere. My uncle wrote in answer that he had come to his house in a high fever, unable to account for the proceeding; that he had been under medical care ever since; and that he hoped in a day or two he might be able to tell what had befallen him. The doctor thought it doubtful, however, if he would remember anything about it. If he expressed the least desire to see his mother, he would immediately let her know, but in the mean time it was imperative that he should be kept in utter quiet.

From this letter, Lady Cairnedge must have seen that her relations with her son were at least suspected. Anyhow, in two hours came another message — that she would send a close carriage to bring him home the next day. Then indeed were my uncle and I glad that we had come. For though Martha would certainly have

defended the citadel to her utmost, she could not have acted with the authority of a man in his own house; and it seemed very possible his mother might attempt to carry him away by force. My uncle in reply begged her not to give herself the useless trouble of sending to fetch her son; it would be tantamount to murder to remove him, and he would not be a party to it.

When I yielded my place in the sick-room to Martha, and went to bed, my heart was not only at ease for the night, but I feared nothing for the next day with my uncle on my side—or rather on the side of John.

Just as we had finished our early dinner, for we were old-fashioned people, up drove a grand carriage, with two strong footmen behind, and a third on the box by the coachman. It pulled up at the door, and the man on the box got down and rang the bell, while his fellows behind got down also and stood together a little way behind him. My uncle went at once into the hall, but only just in time, for there was Penny on her way to open the door, and that would not do. He opened the door himself, and stood on the threshold. The footman addressed him:—

"If you please, sir," he said, not without arrogance, "we're come to take Mr. Day home."

"Tell your mistress," returned my uncle, "that Mr. Day has expressed no desire to return, and is much too unwell to be informed of her ladyship's wish."

"That's of no consequence, begging your pardon, sir," said the man. "We've got her ladyship's orders to bring him. We'll take every possible care of him. The carriage is very easy, and one of us'll sit inside with the young gentleman. If he ain't right in his head, he'll never know nothink till he comes to himself in his own bed."

My uncle had let the man talk; he wanted to gather from him as much as he might. His anger was fast rising, but he kept hold of it.

"I cannot let him go. I would not send a beggar to the hospital in the state he is in."

"But indeed, sir, you must! We have our orders."

"If you imagine I will dismiss a guest of mine at the orders of any human being, were it the queen's own Majesty," said my uncle—I heard the words, and in my mind's eye saw the blue flash of his eyes as he said them—"you were never more mistaken."

"I'm sorry," said the man quietly, "but I have my orders. Let me pass, please. It is my business to find the young gentleman, and take him home. There's no man can have a right to detain him against his mother's will, when he's not in a fit state to judge for himself."

"Happily I am in a fit state to judge for him," said my uncle coldly.

"I dare not go home without him," said the man. "Let me pass."

He raised his voice a little as he said it, and approached the steps as if he would force his way in.

I ought to have mentioned that, when my uncle went to the door, he took from a rack in the hall as he passed it, a whip he generally carried when he rode. It had a bamboo handle, which he told me he had bought in Paris. His answer to the man was a smart blow with it across his face. They were too near for the thong; he had to use the handle. The man staggered back, pressing his hand to his face; he had, however, only lost a loose tooth by the blow. His fellow-servants, during the colloquy, had looked on with a gentleman-like imperturbability; but when they saw my uncle defend his house with his whip, they made a simultaneous step forward. Instantly, however, they recoiled. My uncle had drawn a small, sword-like weapon from the handle of his whip, which I had not known to be there. I had never seen him look as he did now, his weapon in his left hand, and his pale face pale no longer, but flushed with anger. He gave one swift glance behind him, and cried, "Orba, shut the door," for I was in the hall at his back. I shut him out, and ran to the window. Never till that moment had I seen the *natural* look of anger, the expression of *pure* anger. There was nothing mean or ugly in it—not an atom of hate. But how his eyes blazed!

"Go back," he cried, in a voice far more stern than loud. "If one of you set foot on the lowest step, I will run him through."

The men saw he meant it, and stood. The door was closed, and my uncle there with his back to it. They brought their heads together in consultation, while the coachman sat immovable on his box. I saw this much from the window. Then they mounted all three, and the carriage drove away.

I ran and opened the door. My uncle came in with a smile. He went up the stair, and I followed him, to the room where the invalid lay, both anxious to know if he had been disturbed.

He was leaning on his elbow, listening, and looking more like himself.

"I knew you would take care of me, sir," he said, with a respectful confidence which could not but please my uncle.

"You did not want to go home — did you?" he said.

"I should have thrown myself out of the carriage window," answered John.

My uncle did not mention that such an accident had been provided against.

"But please tell me, sir," he went on, "how it is I find myself in your house. I have been puzzling over it all the morning, and cannot understand it. I have no recollection of coming."

"You understand, I fancy," rejoined my uncle with a smile, "that one of the family has a notion she can take better care of you than anybody else. Is not that enough to account for it?"

"Hardly, sir. Belorba cannot have gone and carried me away from my mother!"

"How do you know that? Belorba is a terrible creature to deal with when she is roused. But you have talked enough for the present. Lie quiet, and don't trouble yourself to recollect, and as you get stronger it will all come back to you, and you will be able to tell us, instead of asking us to tell you. I will fetch Belorba. Oh, here she is! I might have known she was not far off!"

He left us together, and I quieted John by reading to him, and absolutely declining to talk.

"You are in an enchanted castle," I said. "Speak a single word and you will find yourself in your own room instead of here."

He looked at me a moment, closed his eyes, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. He slept for two hours, and when he woke was quite himself. But he was very weak. When the doctor came, he found the fever was gone. We had now only to feed him up, and keep him quiet.

From The Scottish Review.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF AN OLD SCOTCH FACTOR.

No Scotsman, we suppose, needs to be reminded of the high place which the house of Gordon has always held among the great families of Scotland. It never was one of the governing families, perhaps, in the sense that the Douglases or the Argylls, or many others less distin-

guished, whom the favor of a monarch, or a lucky turn of fortune's wheel brought into brief and brilliant prominence, were governing families. Natural barriers, in the shape of Drum Alban and the Mounth secluded the Gordons from taking that leading part in lowland politics to which, from their estates, their abilities, their ambition, and their position as chiefs of a great clan, they were apparently entitled. But from the Grampians to the Moray Firth, from Aberdeenshire on the east, to Inverness-shire on the west, the head of the house of Gordon — whatever might be the title he bore — was the "Cock of the North," and no one — hardly even the crown itself — was able to dispute his power. The old house of the Huntlys, in the middle of the Bog o' Gight, with its tall grey tower, its causeway, and its drawbridge, was the centre of all authority "beneath the Tay" for generations before its name was changed to Gordon Castle, and it became the "world of a house" that we see it now and the Highland home of a powerful duke. And it never lost anything of its prestige. Political tempests might rage, the forces of faction and religious prejudice might combine against it, it weathered every storm, it emerged uninjured from every attack. It came safe through the Scylla and Charybdis of the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. The legislation which resulted from them and which brought down its neighbors on every side, left it untouched. Its territorial, and consequently its social importance — for the "Gudeman o' the Bog" was not only a great feudal lord, but the head of a powerful Highland clan — was too great to be annihilated by any mere act of Parliament. In 1700 the number of the Duke of Gordon's vassals in Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, amounted to no less than one hundred and seven, and twenty-seven of these were his clansmen. In the list is to be found a large proportion of the best and oldest blood in the north. Lumsdens, Maitlands, Forbeses, Baillies, Macintoshes, Macphersons, Camerons, Grants, all owed allegiance to the head of the Gordon clan. Nor were they likely to repudiate it. For all, but a very small minority, claimed kinship with him as well; and with the Gordons, blood was ever thicker than water. No Duke of Gordon was ever known to oppress his vassals or his tenants, or to take advantage of the necessities of his friends. "The duke,"* says a private letter writ-

* Cosmo, George, third Duke of Gordon.

ten in 1800, by one who had ample opportunities of knowing, "would have lent money to any Gordon who wanted it, from the purest motives of kindness and generosity. His father, Duke Alexander,* was better fitted for the rough times in which he lived, but I do not recollect that he bought the estate of any Gordon." No doubt the chivalrous loyalty to a superior which underlay the feudal system—and for the matter of that the clan system of the Highlands as well—and which is one of the very rare instances where a mere sentiment has been converted into a legal obligation, contributed largely to the maintenance of the dignity and importance of the house. But more—far more than is generally believed—depended upon the personal qualities of its chiefs † The proof of this is to be seen in every page of the correspondence from which we purpose in the present paper to make copious extracts. And we venture to think that while amply instructing this deduction, the correspondence now before us will also throw not a little interesting light on the social characteristics and daily life of the community over which the Gordons exercised such willing and undisputed sway, as well as on the modes adopted to extend their family and gentilitian influence over all the north of Scotland.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, William Tod, "tacksman" of Auchenhallrig—a farm of one hundred and thirty-four acres, between two and three miles from the gates of Gordon Castle—was factor for Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon for the Enzie district of Banffshire, as well as for his Highland estate on Speyside. He came of an old and respectable stock, which had been settled in Moray and Banffshire for many generations, and many members of which had, like himself, been in the service of the Gordon family. His great-great-grandfather, Robert Tod, was minister of Rothes in 1642; ‡ and in

* Second duke, succeeded 1716—died 1728—well known for his Jacobite tendencies. He was "out" in the rebellion of 1715 and made a narrow escape from attainder.

† Burton, indeed, asserts that the Gordon influence in the North was largely due to their extensive use of bonds of manrent. We have been unable to find any authority for this statement. That the Gordons, like all the leading families of the day, employed bonds of manrent to consolidate and to cement their influence is undoubtedly. That they made a larger use of them than their neighbors remains as yet to be proved.

‡ He was removed to Urquhart in 1662. If all tales are true, he justified the family surname, and was a very "wily tod" indeed. It is said that he applied for an augmentation of his stipend upon the ground that he had nine sons, and every one of them had a sister. The natural conclusion was that he had a family of eighteen; as a matter of fact he had only nine sons and one daughter.

1643 had signed the Solemn League and Covenant in the Kirk of Rothes along with his parishioners. His son—also a Robert—married Janet Anderson, portioneer of Nether Dallachy. Alexander, the eldest son of this marriage, acted for some time as the Duke of Gordon's Baron Bailie; married a daughter of Leslie of Balnageith and "conquest" a considerable amount of property in his day. He purchased the lands of Finfan, and held Auchenhallrig in wadset from the duke, and these, along with his feu at Nether Dallachy, he left to his son Alexander, who married his full cousin, a Leslie of Balnageith also. Of the twenty children of this marriage, only three survived. The eldest of them, Alexander,—father of William Tod,—was, like his son, factor for the duke for the Enzie, and died in 1705 in the fiftieth year of his age. William Tod's mother died—a very aged woman—in 1809, and among his papers we find several memoranda showing the expense of her interment. The wright's charge for the coffin is a guinea; the requisite furnishings—flannel, screws, coffin-handles, "lacing," ropes, rosin, tallow, and *piper*, come £1 7s. 8d. Three shillings were paid for the use of the mort-cloth, and there is also a charge of five shillings for the bellman. William was born in 1745 and died in 1821. But of the incidents of his long, eventful life we know very little. He seems to have lived in and for his factorial duties only, and there is no positive evidence that he was ever beyond the limits of his native district. He married a sister of Professor Ogilvie of King's College, Aberdeen,* who was proprietor of the neighboring little property of Pittensair, and by her he had a family of seven sons and seven daughters. The sons, many of whom received commissions in the army through the Gordon interest, all, more or less, prospered in life. One was lieutenant-colonel of the 29th Foot; another was captain and paymaster of the 40th Regiment; a third, "Dr. Robert," was surgeon

* Mr. Ogilvie, who was professor of humanity, was born in 1740, and died in 1819, and the following obituary notice of him appeared in the *Times* of 23rd February of that year: "Died on 14th instant, at Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age, Professor William Ogilvie of the King's College of that city. Mr. Ogilvie was one of the most accomplished scholars of the age; his talents were of the first order; his taste was of the most correct and refined nature; and the whole of his very prolonged life was passed in the ardent pursuit of knowledge. He died universally admired for his valuable acquirements and esteemed by all who knew him in private life, for the benevolence of his heart, and the faithful discharge of every social duty."

in the 4th Light Dragoons ; a fourth was a W. S. in Edinburgh ; a fifth had an appointment in the Dublin Police ; a sixth was a captain in a cavalry regiment ; and the seventh was a judge in India, and on his return home purchased the estate of Findrassie near Elgin. They were all exceedingly tall, handsome men, and it is said people used to stand and look after them as they walked down Regent Street.

Mrs. Tod died in 1801, and her husband, who seems to have been greatly attached to her, preserved all the letters of condolence he received.

In 1805, finding his years beginning to tell heavily upon him, he resigned the Enzie factory, and in 1806 the Highland one also ; but he continued to act as one of his Grace's commissioners, at any rate for some years longer. About this time, too, he seems to have got into difficulties, and Auchenthalrig had to be given up. It was let to a Mr. Bruce in 1809, for £420 per annum, apparently without the duke's knowledge ; for, in 1808, we find Sir George Abercromby writing to him by the duke's orders, that if his friends would buy back the lease, his Grace would allow him to remain in possession to his death, rent free. But this arrangement was not carried out, and for the remainder of his life he resided first in the village of Fochabers, and afterwards in that of Garmouth at the mouth of the Spey. But his heart was always at Auchenthalrig, where "he himself, his father, and his grandfather were born, and lived so many years ;" and more than one indirect effort was made to recover possession of it. The last of these was in 1816. In a scroll memorandum of that year, he gives the following pathetic reason why he wished his son "Dr. Robert," who was at that time in Scotland, to open negotiations with Mr. Bruce with this object.

Mr. Tod himself [he says] never can propose his own residing there again. The lease on this place [Garmouth] still endures for four years, a period which Mr. Tod has no chance of surviving. But he should like much, if such is the good pleasure of heaven, to have it in his power to die there, in the house, in the possession of some of his family — among other reasons, to save his friends the trouble of carrying his remains from Garmouth to the churchyard of Bellie.

But in a docquet to the above he adds :

The Doctor not appearing to relish the within proposed commission to Mr. Bruce, nor to have the same kind of liking to the

family *duchas** that I have, I have for the present declined mentioning the subject to Mr. Bruce. I, however, went along with Dr. Robert yesterday to make his call on Mr. Mathieson at Auchenthalrig, in order to take one other look at it — probably the last. We afterwards all three dined with Miss Rabie Stuart at Boggs, along with Miss Charlotte Tod [his daughter], who happened to have been her guest for some days preceding ; and in the afternoon I shook hands in silent sorrow, and parted forever with Miss Rabie, the most intimate, the earliest, and the dearest friend I ever had.

But if we know little of his life, the voluminous correspondence he has left behind, gives us a fair insight into his character. He was a jovial, warm-hearted, kindly natured person of very attractive manners ; devoted to the duke's interest ; like his master, strictly just and upright in all his dealings with the tenantry ; a good husband ; a father who put himself to infinite trouble to secure the advancement of his sons ; a loyal friend ; a universally respected man. He was not averse to the good things of this life, either in eating or drinking ; and he was an invariable and always welcome guest at the "salmon dinners" which were then, and, we rejoice to say, still are amongst the most jovial "ploys" of hospitable Speyside. Here is a characteristic invitation to one of these "feasts" : —

Miss Steinson with best compliments to Mr. Tod, requests the pleasure of his company in Laird Leaslie's Barracks on Tuesday next at four o'clock, to partake of a salmon dinner and such good cheer as those concerned can afford.

Garmouth, Wednesday,
17th May, 1815.

In the following year he appears to have been bidden to this same young lady's marriage — an invitation which he answers thus : —

Mr. Tod returns best compts. to Mr. and Mrs. Steinson, and wishes them much joy of this same marriage. On every occasion for these 50 years back, Mr. Tod has tried to get drunk on the marriage of any neighbor's daughter, and he shall certainly, if health allows him, have the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Steinson on Thursday.

Here is another of the many summonses, we find amongst his papers, to the social board. The writer was apparently an old ship captain, and notwithstanding his defective education, a man of good family

* *Duchas*, the paternal seat, the dwelling of one's ancestors. Glossary appended to "Survey of Nairn and Moray," by Rev. W. Leslie, minister of St. Andrews Lhanbryde. 1813.

as we see from the coat-of-arms which seals his large sheet of Bath post :—

Garmouth, 19th May, 1792.

Dear Sir,—

I Dined at Kingston port to Day when you was expected to eat part of a leage of Englas mutton, and to Drinke Porter and Do Beare ; and at the same time he showed me your note whereon you engaged him to dine with you at Mr. Innesses One Monday Next. Mr. Innes will expect to see you with Mrs. Tod and with Miss Tod. I will send you the Carrag, it will be at the Boat of Bogg against Twelve o'Clock, Monday, furst to waite your Pleasure —

and I am, Dear Sir, your

most humble servt.,

Alex. Innes.

From the Duke of Gordon, Mr. Tod and his family received much attention, and often dined at the castle. Sometimes the duke's invitations were only sent down in the morning — like this :—

The Duke of Gordon's compts. to Mr. and Mrs. Tod, Mrs. Miller, and Miss Margaret, and begs the favor of their company at dinner-to-day to eat some fine venison.

At others, they were of a more formal, although equally comprehensive character :—

The Duke of Gordon's Compts. to Mr. Tod, and requests the pleasure of his company here on Wednesday next at dinner, with as many members of his family, male and female, as will do him the honor to come, to meet Mr. Gordon of Cluny, and his family.

Gordon Castle,
Monday night.

But these were the days of magnificent and open-handed hospitality — hospitality which often did not count the cost, to the infinite detriment of many a constitution and of many a purse which was not as deep as a duke's. An old wine bill, incurred by his Grace to Bailie Innes of Elgin, shows that in 1794 the price of a hogshead of "Lafitte, high growth claret," was £38; that Château Margaux, 2nd growth, was thirty shillings a dozen; old red port, "bottles included," was a guinea a dozen; and "champaign," a wine then only to be found on ducal tables — no less than three pounds, fifteen shillings for the same quantity. Nor was this hospitality confined to dinners and weddings, and similar occasions of legitimate merrymaking. It extended to funerals as well. When the old laird of Balnageith died, his son, the Rev. William Leslie of Lhanbryde — one of the most estimable and original of men, of whom many stories are still

current in the district — ordered the arrangements of his funeral thus :—

I have prepared to have the funeral on Monday, setting out with a few friends to attend the hearse from this, and to breakfast at Mr. Peary's* by nine. I have requested our friends eastward to meet us at Elgin precisely by eleven, and to return to dine at Elgin about three. . . . I am not very solicitous that you should come to Elgin to go all the way from that to Rothes, but you must manage so as to meet us somewhere near Rothes on the road. And as I cannot manage the concerns of the table at Dinner, without your support, I am very anxious that you return with us to Elgin where I expect we will be about three hours sooner than we got there from Dollar, and I have bespoke corn and wine at Mr. Causy's at Rothes, which, if his inn does not afford, I have asked Mr. Peary to send up.

Whether Mr. Tod shared his countryman's partiality for funerals we do not know. But he has carefully preserved all the invitations to them which he received, as well as the intimations of the death of his friends. Some of them sound somewhat odd in these more decent, at least, more reticent days. Take this for example :—

Dumgalvie, 30th January, 1802.

Dear Sir,—

I came from Inverness with some fatigue to witness the Interment of your attached friend, my father Baillie Donald M'Pherson, who died here on the 23rd, and was Interred on the 25th in the Old Church of Kingussie. As I was a stranger, I put myself entirely under the Protection and guidance of Mr. Anderson and Capt. Clarke, and I have every reason to believe his Interment was conducted with as much Propriety as any in this country for many years back. He was born at Ruthven 18th Feby., 1725. Mr. Anderson, Capt. Clarke, Cap. Donald M'Pherson, and Doctor Stewart was present when he expired, and I am informed he spoke to them with Solitude and Resignation untill about 15 minutes before his Death. As now the Protection of my Sister devolves on me, I Beg you Intercede with the Duke of Gordon to Continue this Farm with my younger sister Margaret for whom I shall be Bound in the Regular payment of the Rent. I also Beg that you apply for my Fathers Commission in the Belvill Volunteers Company either in my own name or my Son John Munro M'Pherson, as it may give him further Rank in the Army. I already lost my Eldest son Malcolm Ross M'Pherson, an ensign in the army, in the service of his King and Country. My elder Brother Lewis lost his life by Fatigue as a Major of Militia in Jamaica — my younger Brother John Lewis

* A well-known inn in Elgin, famous for this, at least, that here, on 14th December, 1798, the Morayshire Farmers' Club was instituted.

as a Lieut, in the 2nd North British Militia, and I am Bred to Military Tackticks in the Light Company of the Edinburgh Highland Volunteers, where I have some pleasure in seeing your son Hugh.

I remain, with respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most hble servt.

Alec. Macpherson

Writer, Inverness.

I have resumed my Practice in the Sheriff Courts of Inverness, Ross, Cromarty, and Nairn, and I undertake to serve 50 per cent. below their present charges. Poor persons bringing a certificate of their Poverty will have Advice, Paper, Pens, and Ink gratis.

In the early years of the present century, the fear of a French invasion had set the whole country ablaze with military ardor, and Morayshire, never behind other counties, had, of course, its own regiment of Fencibles. Originally raised in 1793 by Sir James Grant of Grant,* who had been member for the county, it had, largely through his exertions as its colonel, attained to a high degree of efficiency. And the annexed list of fines exacted from its officers, shows at least one of the modes by which this efficiency was maintained. In it we grieve to see the name of the kind-hearted factor for Enzie.† But a sense of justice impels us to add that the penalty exacted from Captain Tod and Captain Thomson, was not too severe for such a heinous military offence. The paper bears no date, but is probably of or about the year 1805; and it is headed:—

FINES IN PORT WINE.

Captain Cameron, Guard-mounting—12 minutes wanting.

Capt. Kay for playing on Scrimger—[the Adjutant].

Lieut. Ord, and Ensⁿ. Smith for drawing sword in messroom.

Coll. Grant for exciting a [political discussion]. Capt Tod and Thomson for standing as Field Officers and overseeing [overlooking] Guard, (Lieut. Eddie) for not wearing uniform.

Captain Thomson for noise at Guard-mounting when a superior officer was arriveate.

Scrimger for Dismounting on Field day.

Lieut. Ord for presenting several songs.

Lieut. Gun for trouble to Adj^t. &c.

The Major for not being mounted &c.

Do. Umphrey for leaving mess and going to Sharp's [probably a tavern].

* Sir James Grant, 20th laird of Grant, well known as the founder of the now fashionable watering-place of Grantown-on-Spey, was born 1738 and died 1811. His son Lewis succeeded to the earldom of Seafield a few months after his father's death. A portrait of Sir James will be found in Kay's Portraits.

† Or of one of his sons.

Pearry for afrounting Umphrey.
Do. Cumming for being on one side too politicale and positive.

Captain Cameron and Lieut. Cobbra [Cockburn?] for dressing like Dutch and Irish smugglers in pursuit of their prey, when off duty.

The factor, hard-headed man of business as he was, was a great lover of poetry; and many transcriptions of songs and verses are found among his papers. We half suspect him of occasionally dallying with the muses himself. There are some "lines written on tablets in the bowers on the banks of the North Esk, October, 1817," whose authorship we have been unable to trace—which, if not his own, were, at any rate, much admired by him. But as their poetical merit is not high, we spare inflicting them on our readers.

Though from his periodical visits to Kingussie and its vicinity, he was probably acquainted with "Ossian" Macpherson, there are no letters of his to be found among his correspondence. But he naturally took a great interest in the controversy as to the authenticity of the Ossianic poems, and he has carefully preserved any letters which he received bearing on the subject. Imitations of Ossian were then as fashionable as imitations of Scott a quarter of a century later; and we have a favorable specimen of these literary frivolities in the lines which "one who loved her memory" composed on the death of the celebrated Jean, Duchess of Gordon,* who died at Kinrara in 1812, and who, we are told, admired the works of the son of Fingal beyond those of every other poet. They run thus:—

Weary after the chace, I sat down under the shade of a spreading birch, by the grey rock of Kinrara. Around hovered the ghosts of the night. Near were the green graves of their nest. In the vale rolled the blue waters of the Spey, murmuring through the misty cloud. The moon, in full crescent, travelled along the sky. The stars rejoiced in her course. The still sound of the forest, and the murmur of the stream, wandered on the wind of the desert. The spirits of the Bards, with their harps, leaned forward from the mossy rock. The shadowy children of the tomb lifted up their voice. Their song was of the tales of their people,—of the deeds of the days of other years. The melody of their

* Jean, Duchess of Gordon, was a daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, and was married to his Grace on 23rd October, 1767. She was a woman of masculine mind, and of great accomplishments. Her favorite residence was at Kinrara, on the bank of the Spey, near Kingussie—a place that she transformed from a bleak and unproductive farm into one of the most attractive properties in Inverness-shire.

song closed my eyelids in sleep. I dreamed. It was not the dream of night. All was solemn and awful. I awoke; and at once ceased the song of the departed. By the skirts of the wood appeared a Form, soft as the moon shining on the still waters—beautiful as the morning sun rising on the mountains. Her path was to the green grave at Kinrara. She leaned over the half-raised mould, where the mossy stone had been rolled away. She looked around with dignity and grace, and at once the spirits of the night again raised their voices.

Is it thou, O Sulmora? Dost thou, so early, seek the bed of thy long repose? Lovely wast thou among thousands! The young, in thy presence, rejoiced. The Aged blessed the benevolence of thy soul. Thy voice in the Hall was like the shower of the Spring. The heart like a beam of comfort to the children of the unhappy. Who hath seen the cloud of pride gathering on thy brow, and who hath not beheld the tear of pity swelling in thine eye? With thee dwelt the great and the good, but who was like the generous Sulmora? Thy lovely daughters and the son of thy soul mourn at thy departure. The children of thy bounty look, through their tears, for their Sulmora in vain. In vain do they sigh for thy return; but thy praises will soothe the anguish of their souls. Dark, O Sulmora, is the house of thy rest; but bright is the cloud prepared to bear on high thy spirit! Come, O Sulmora, let us welcome thee from the land of many woes!

The day was breaking in the East. The aerial choir disappeared; and the spirit of Sulmora ascended on the clouds of heaven.

A masquerade at Gordon Castle in 1791, gives Sir Robert Sinclair, of Murkle—the duke's son-in-law—an opportunity of making a little good-natured fun at Mr. Tod's political proclivities, as follows:—

Tho' all with whom you are concerned
Are Pittites here this day,
We all still know and can discern [discern]
Your heart's another way.

But still you're right, we all allow—
You should here make a stand
A Tod and Fox we must all know
Ought to go hand in hand.

But why so strong for revolution—
Why so great a fuss—
Perhaps, if such a thing there was
You, first, would lose your brush!

Local events are, strange to say, but sparingly alluded to in Mr. Tod's correspondence. There is, however, a characteristic letter from Duchess Jean, referring to her connection with the erection of the great bridge across the Spey on the road from Fochabers to Elgin, which at that time was one of the engineering mar-

vels of the age. The letter, which is dated 27th May, 1809, is in these terms:

I shall rejoice to see myself distinguished in Mr. Leslie's Annals as the mother of the Bridge of Spey. I never crossed it but once, and it was an [illegible] day to me. He may also add with truth that eighteen years ago I laid before Mr. Pitt and L. Grenville the plan of the Caledonian Canal [sic],—in consequence of a letter I saw from that true patriot Mr. Dempster. It was forgot for many years, and now like the Phenix springs up from the ashes.*

There are several letters from the duke with reference to the plans for the church at Fochabers—now the parish church of Bellie—and a list of the heritors to whom were allotted seats in its area. The church itself was opened on 29th October, 1797, and Mr. Tod notes that the Rev. Mr. Gordon concluded the first sermon he preached in it with the words, "And may this house be to us and to generations yet unborn, the gate of heaven!"

Rarer still are documents illustrating the history of his times. This is the more to be regretted as we feel that there is so much information—especially about the risings of 1715 and 1745—which it was in his power to have given us, either from his own recollections or from the experience of his friends. In proof of this we need only refer to a memorandum furnished by him in answer to an enquiry from John Home, the author of "Douglas," who was then engaged in his history of the Rebellion of 1745, as to the composition of the celebrated Glenbucket Regiment, which played such a prominent part

* The foundation stone of the Boat-of-Bog was laid in June, 1801, by the Marquis of Huntly, in presence of ten thousand spectators. The bridge consisted of four stone arches—the two centre arches being each ninety-five feet, and one on either side of seventy-five feet each; the piers on which they rested were thirty-six feet long by twelve feet thick and eighteen feet high. These piers, although founded on the rock twelve feet below the ordinary water-line, were not properly secured, and the great flood of 1829 carried off the western piers and destroyed the two arches which it supported. (Morayshire Described, p. 307.) A wooden span one hundred and eighty-five feet long, is now substituted for the two arches which had fallen. The total cost of the bridge was £14,800, of which the Duke of Gordon contributed over £5,000. Mr. Leslie's reference to the duchess's exertions is as follows: "By her Grace's direction a subscription was opened in the year 1798, and under her patronage was filled up in less than six months, to the amount of £3,955, the greater part by the inhabitants on the banks of the river joining it; owing to her Grace's representations to Lord Melville and Mr. Pitt, also the sum of £6,000 was allocated from the public revenue to assist in the structure. It is probable, that without her Grace's patronage and exertions this work would not have been yet [1813] begun; and it is certain that without the judicious and steady attention of the duke, it would not have been completed." (Leslie's Survey, pp. 68-69.) The Caledonian Canal was commenced in 1803 and completed in 1847.

in the army of the Young Pretender. Writing to Mr. Charles Gordon, W.S., the duke's law agent in Edinburgh, from "North Hanover Street, Edinburgh," on "24th April, 1793," Mr. Home says : —

My dear Sir, —

Having occasion (often) in the manuscript memoirs that are in my hands to read of General Gordon of Glen Bucket, who had a Regiment of men in the army of Charles, I am at a loss to know of whom that Regiment consisted. If you can procure me any information about them or their number, I shall be much obliged to you.

I beg leave to present my best compliments to Mrs. Gordon, and am,

Your most obedient servant,

J. Home.

In reply, Mr. Tod was able to give the names of every officer included in it before it joined Lord Lewis Gordon's men, and merged its individuality in the Gordon Brigade. His list was as follows : —

General,	John Gordon of Glenbucket.
Lieutt. Coll.,	John Gordon, Yr. thereof.
Major,	Peter Gordon of Strom, Badenoch.
Captains,	Macdonald of Forlundy.
	Wm. Gordon, son of Glenbucket.
	Thos. Gordon of Toddlerletter,
	Strathaven.
	John Gordon of Minmore.
	Gordon Stuart of Drummin.
Lieutenants,	John Grant of Inverlochie, Adjutant.
	Mr. M'Alpin, Standard-bearer.
	John Gordon of Clashnoic.
	Alex. Grant of Newie, — killed at Culloden.
	James Grant of Blairfindy.

Mr. Forbes of Edendiack, Secretary to the General.

The men from Badenoch, Kincardine, Strathaven, Glenlivat, Glenrinnes, and Auchindown to the number of about 500.*

In our factor's youth, the navy was not the popular service that it is now, and impressment had to be largely resorted to. A petition by Alexander Tod, his father, shows the system in practical operation. It is a qualification of the doctrine of the liberty of the subject, which we of the

* The laird of Glenbucket brought four hundred men from the North, along with Lord Lewis Gordon, whose attempts to bring out his clan without the direct aid of his brother, the Duke of Gordon, were, as we shall find, but imperfectly effected. (Burton's History of Scotland, viii. p. 549.) The old castle of Glenbucket, Aberdeenshire, now in ruins, is a fine specimen of the house, o. castle with square towers at diagonally opposite angles, and stands on a high bank at the junction of the Buckie with the Don, about five miles from the still more famous Castle of Kildrummy. It is strongly and picturesquely situated among fine old trees ; gates from 1500, and now belongs to the Earl of Fife. (Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland by Macgibbon and Ross, ii. 242, *et seq.*)

present day may have some difficulty in comprehending. And yet it is only a hundred and thirty years old !

Unto the Right Honourable the Earl of Findlaterre and Seafield, Vice Admirall of Scotland.

The petition of Alexander Tod in Auchenthalrig, Factor to the Duke of Gordon upon the Lordship of Enzie.

Most humbly sheweth : —

That whereas John Forbes in Farnachty of Birkenbush, James Johnston, son to Donald Johnston, late fisher to the said Duke of Gordon att shoar of Buckie, James Anderson in Upper Dallachy, George Scot in Culreach, are or have been all seafaring men and therefor proper for serving as sailors in His Majesty's Navy, and are scukling and hiding themselves from thee said services.

May it Therefor Please your Lordship to grant Warrant to Arthur or James Sivewrights in Fochabers to apprehend the said persons and confine them in the next adjacent lawfull prison until they can be delivered over to the proper officer appointed to receive such persons.

Alexr. Todd.

Then follows the warrant : —

At Cullen House February seventh Seventeen hundred and fifty seven years, I, James, Earl of Findlater and Seafield, Vice Admirall of Scotland, having considered the above petition, find the desire thereof reasonable, and grant warrant accordingly.

Findlater & Seafield.

An interesting correspondence of the years 1796, 1797, and 1798 throws some curious light on the early history of one of the most distinguished regiments in the British service — the Gordon Highlanders. After the Rebellion of 1745, many of the Highland chieftains who had, in greater or less degree, coquetted with the Pretender, hit upon an ingenious plan to put themselves right with the government. They raised at their own expense independent companies,* generally of Fencibles, whose constitution very much resembled that of the irregular corps with which we were familiar during the Indian Mutiny. These companies were the nucleus of more than one of our Highland regiments. In 1790, for example, the Marquis of Huntly — Duke Alexander's eldest son, and subsequently fifth and last Duke of Gordon, before the revival of the title in 1876, in the person of its present holder, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon — had raised an independent com-

* Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century (Ochterlony MSS.) ii. 487.

pany, with which he joined the 42nd or Royal Highlanders, the following year. And in 1793, when orders were issued from the War Office for the embodiment of seven regiments of Scottish Fencibles, the duke, his father, not only raised the Gordon Fencibles, but, through his son the marquis, made offer to furnish a regiment for more extended service. This offer was accepted. Through the personal exertions of the duke, the duchess, and the marquis, a regiment was raised in the short space of three months. It was embodied at Aberdeen on 24th June, 1793, and, as a matter of course, the Marquis of Huntly was appointed its lieutenant-colonel commandant. Its number on the roll of Regulars was at first the 100th. Six years later, however, it became the 92nd. But it is as the Gordon Highlanders that it has won its fame. And it may be mentioned that when General Moore was made a K.C.B., "and obtained a grant of supporters for his armorial bearings, he took a soldier of the Gordon Highlanders in full uniform, as one of these supporters, and a lion as the other," to commemorate the distinguished gallantry of the regiment in the great action at Bergen on the 2nd October, 1799.

During the war with France a rumor got abroad that the regiment, which was then at Gibraltar, was to be drafted for foreign service. Mr. Tod contradicted it in emphatic terms, in a letter to Bailie Cameron, Fort William.

Fochabers, 11th Feby., 1797.

Dear Sir, —

As I was about to seal my other letter to you of this date, I received yours of the 7th. The story of Lord Huntly's regiment being drafted into 42, is an infamous falsehood, and you'll see it contradicted in all the papers by authority. Some of his Lordship's rivals in the recruiting line have thought such a tale might be of service to them, but I can assure you that Ld. Huntly has the most positive assurances from the highest authority that his regiment shall not be drafted during the war.

I am, &c.,

William Tod.

The factor was justified in being emphatic, for the authority on which his statement was based, was no less a personage than Harry Dundas, the lord-advocate of Scotland, then all powerful in Scottish affairs. Writing to the marquis from Wimbledon on the 3rd December, 1796, he says : —

Dear Huntly, —

I should have wrote to you sooner on the subject of this letter, but different interrup-

tions have prevented me. You know that your Regiment is considerably beyond the line of those which are kept up on the limited establishment. The latest number not drafted is the 90th, and the only exemptions is your Regt., and one at the Cape, which we could not spare from that quarter at present. Your Regt. will still be continued undrafted, and at Gibraltar, till the peace, but you will recollect that the only ostensible ground of doing so is that it is a Regt. raised by your family which it would therefore be hard to draft, as the same exertions which raised it, were able to keep it at its full compliment [sic]. In consequence of a conversation I had with the Duke of York, I think it right to mention these particulars to you, with the view that you will omit no exertions on your own bottom to keep your Regt. complete, to its full establishment. I need not tell you that in a Regt. circumstanced as yours is, it is impossible to give to it any of the men levied under the Act of Parl. It being, however, a material part of the garrison of Gibraltar, it is very essential that you should exert yourself both for your own credit, and to prevent your Regt. from being drafted; and allow me to add, to prevent any reflections being cast on those, who, it may be said, ought to have drafted yours at the same time they did the others below the number, 90. Give my best regards to the Duke, and believe me, &c.,

Harry Dundass.

And the marquis followed this advice ; for the next document bearing on this subject is an "advertisement" by order of the Marquis of Huntly, which, according to a certificate appended to it, "was read at the Kirk door of Kingussie, Laggan, and Advie on Sunday the 22nd day of January, 1797 years." It ran : —

His Lordship being anxious to have a few young, handsome Fellows to complete his Regiment, entreats and expects the assistance and support of his friends in Badenoch. He can assure such young men as are willing to go along with him, that the Regiment is *not* to be drafted during the war, and that they may depend on every attention from him while they continue in service; and that on their return to the country, they and their relations will have preference upon equal terms, from the Duke of Gordon, for such farms on his estate as they are inclined to settle upon. His Lordship will be found at Aviemore during the whole of the day on Monday.

How his "friends" supported him on this occasion, and what were the inducements offered to recruits, the following letter to Mr. Tod from old "Cluny" very clearly indicates : —

Cluny, 22nd Feby., 1797.

Dear Sir, —

My namesake, Thomas Macpherson, the refractory fellow in Balgown, has at last come

to his senses, and brought his son Malcolm here this morning, a volunteer for the Marquis's Regiment. His terms are as moderate as could be expected (and I have promised him they should be granted), as he only asks what Lord Huntly offers to every other person, vitz., a half aughteen part of land (free of services) where he at present resides, or in the place of Gorstiel, with as much land contiguous to it, as will make up an half aughteen part; the latter of the two he much prefers, and I think by far the most eligible situation for him, as our friend Mr. Grant has already two pensioners saddled upon him, and in my opinion it would be a hardship to burden him with any more. I shall accommodate his eldest son with an half aughteen part at Gaskimloan, near the farm which his father wishes to get. I need not mention that the place of Gorstiel and Bloragiebeg, is part of the farm of Delchullie, at present occupied by subtenants of which Mr. Mitchell is manager, as factor for Parson Robert's son, and I make no doubt he will readily provide for Thomas Macpherson on your applying to him, for he is a very good tenant, altho' he happened to forget himself upon the present occasion. With respect to Bounty money, the father leaves that matter totally to his Lordship. I mentioned to Lord Huntly at Gordon-hall that as the Boy was young and weak, I wished his Lordship to take him into his own service, but as he had no way for him at the time, he promised to write to your son to employ him, or to get one of his brother officers to take him as a servant; I must, therefore, my good Sir, beg your attention to this matter, and procure a proper letter for the Boy. His father requested of me to say that he hoped you would have the goodness to antidate [sic] his attestation, and as the Boy attends school, he hopes Lord Huntly will indulge him with remaining in the country as long as any of his other recruits. If the Marquis is at the Castle, pray make my best respects to him, and tell him, that I have not forgot my Toast when we were all so tipsy at Pitmain, and I can with truth assure you that few of his Lordships' friends has a higher esteem for Gillidow Glenamore than your humble servant. With compliments to Mrs. Tod, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

D. Macpherson.

A scroll letter from the duke to Lochiel, dated 11th June, 1791, in Mr. Tod's handwriting, but corrected by his Grace, illustrates another phase of the system of recruiting which prevailed in connection with the Highland companies and regiments.

Gordon Castle, 11th June, 1798.

Dear Lochiel,—

I recd. your letter of the 8th along with one of the same date from the Lord Advocate acquainting me of his having received the Duke of York's approbation of your offer to raise a

corps of Fencibles, and wishing me to allow you some assistance from my Regt. I have every inclination to do what is agreeable to you and the Lord Advocate. But I really can't think of parting with so many men as you propose. The situation and circumstances are very different now from what they were in 1795, when I gave some aid to Coll. Baillie at the particular request of Mr. Dundas, and he paid down five guineas for each man given over to him. The strength of my Regt. was much superior then to what it is now, and the men were then easier replaced. At present I do not consider myself at liberty to comply with your request to such an extent, as it would be in a great measure annihilating the Regiment, as I could not undertake to get others in their place at present, when almost all the young men are engaged in the Militia and Volunteer Companies, and I think it of great consequence to have my Regiment as complete as any other Fencible Company in Scotland. I shall, however, make you welcome to thirty of the men you brought to the Regt., including such as may be non-commissioned officers, which number you must be sensible is more than I can well spare, and I hope will be sufficient to furnish you with drills. However, I must beg leave to stipulate no man to be taken from either of the flank companies, without the approbation of the Lt.-Coll. Wishing you much success,

I have the honour to be, &c.,
Gordon.

One other extract, and we are done with the historical part of this correspondence. It has reference to the No Popery riots in London, in 1780, in which the duke's brother, Lord George Gordon took such an active part, that they have ever since borne his name. One Sunday, towards the end of February or beginning of March, 1781, Mr. Tod was attending divine service in the church of Bellie when a messenger from Gordon Castle put the accompanying letter into his hand from Mr. Menzies, at that time the duke's chamberlain or cashier.*

Dear Sir,—

We have an express a few minutes ago with the happy news of Ld. Gordon's being honourably acquitted and at liberty—of which I thought it my duty to acquaint you, as Mr. Ross is out walking. I congratulate you upon this occasion. And in haste (being busy forwarding this agreeable intelligence to all the Duke's friends to the west).

I am, D. Sir, yours &c.,
J. Menzies.

Fochabers, Sunday forenoon, noon.

Mr. Tod rose from his seat, and handed

* Mr. Menzies was factor for Speymouth up to 1805, at which time he succeeded Mr. Tod in the Enzie factory, which was then conjoined to Speymouth. This double office he held up to 1809.

the letter to the Rev. Mr. Gordon, the officiating clergyman, who, thereupon, as Mr. Tod records on the endorsement of the letter, "returned public thanks on the occasion."

As was to be expected, letters from the duke himself, bulk largely in our factor's correspondence. But as these relate principally to business matters, they cannot be published here. In one — of the year 1784 — his Grace refers to the fact that he has received his patent as Earl of Norwich — a title which had been originally conferred on his great-great-grandfather, Henry, Duke of Norfolk, in 1672; and from this time, all his letters written from England are franked "Norwich," while those from Scotland — of which country he was a representative peer — are franked as before, viz.: "Gordon." But beyond this, there is little of general interest in their contents.

Letters from the Marquis of Huntly* are also numerous; but they too, are chiefly concerned with purely personal matters. The communications of both father and son are full of the warmest expressions of friendship and confidence in their correspondent.

One of the most amiable traits in Mr. Tod's character was his sympathy with, and interest in youth; and some of the most amusing letters in his correspondence are from a young soldier, in whose career he ever took the warmest interest. If the factor thought with the Latin poet that —

Magna reverentia debetur pueris,

the sentiment was not reciprocal. This is how the graceless young cornet hectors and lectures his reverend friend, in the 1792.

Uxbridge, Novr., 6th, Sunday.

Dear Sir, —

I received a letter a few days ago from our friend Captain Macpherson of Invereshie, giving a very good account of all friends in Badenoch, and rejoicing that you had left the county, he proposing then to lead a sober, regular, and a religious life. I have written a

* George, Marquis of Huntly fifth and last Duke of Gordon was born in 1770 and died in 1836. From his earliest youth he followed the profession of arms and is immortalized by Scott in the second part of "Carle now the King's come" as "Cock o' the North, my Huntly braw." But he also well deserves the title of "Coke o' the North" conferred on him by William Hay in one of his ballads in the "Lutie o' Moray" for the zealous and indefatigable way in which he imitated the example of Howard Coke, Lord Leicester, in promoting agriculture and improving the breed of Highland cattle throughout the district where his vast estates were situated. He was one of the most enlightened personages of his day and socially one of the most fascinating of men. His statue by Thomas Goodwillie, a local sculptor, now adorns the Ladyhill of Elgin.

long letter to him to-day (to thank him for some potted moorfowl that he has sent up for me), and I told him that I should write you a lecture on morality; but as I do not now think myself equal to work miracles upon so old a sinner, I believe I must turn you over to your neighbour, the minister. There is only one essential thing I have to beg, and that is, that you do not tarry at Invereshie any time till I have the pleasure of meeting you there. If you do, I think I stand but a bad chance of seeing the Captain next summer, and have already layed out that as a pleasure to come, being now second for leave of absence, and which I most certainly expect to get without anything very extraordinary happens. I have in my letter condoled with him for the loss of the aimable [sic] Colonel Thornton, who, I understand, has left a blind man to look after his wooden house. What an excentric [sic] devil he is! Who but himself would have thought of such a scheme? Your son and I have exchanged two or three visiting cards but have not had the pleasure of meeting till yesterday, when he did me the pleasure to breakfast with me in town — and gave me some account of a masquerade you have had at the Castle. He is in very good health — I thought grown fatter than when in Scotland, but he would not allow it. I made out my journey to this place very well by the 21st of September. The same day that I left you snoring at Invereshie I slept at Blair. The next night at Kinross, and the third day at Edinr. When I got to Perth I found a letter from my Major prolonging my leave for a few days, but as it was only a very short time, and as I had sent all my shooting apparatus to Pitmain, I thought it most prudent to pursue my journey and not to have to take leave of my friends in Badenoch a third time. You were so good as to say that you would undertake the care of my boxes. James Gordon, the fiddler, was to take them to Pitmain; and I conclude they are now in Mr. Hoy's* dark

* Mr. Hoy's official title was that of meteorologist to the duke, but he appears to have discharged the functions of a *major domo*. He was a personage of great importance, at any rate in his own eyes; and his constant efforts to maintain his dignity often exposed him to very amusing rebuffs. There was a certain Ned Muggach, for example, a humorous, idle, gangrel sort of body, who never did an honest day's work in his life, but who nevertheless contrived to eke out a comfortable living by singing on all the houses in the neighborhood — Gordon Castle not excepted — who was a very thorn in the worthy little meteorologist's flesh. One day, as he was out walking, in the full dignity of a long cane and high hat, he came upon Ned idly smoking his pipe by the roadside, in the company of a band of gossips, as graceless and irreverent as himself. Ned accosted Mr. Hoy, and bade him good-day. But the meteorologist walked calmly on without taking any notice of his salutation. Ned repeated it. Mr. Hoy made no reply. "Ha!" said Ned, who had a sarcastic tongue when he liked, turning to his friends, and speaking in a tone loud enough for Mr. Hoy to hear, "fine quate [quiet] man, Maister Hoy! — fine quate man!" This Ned Muggach, strange to say, had the honor of sitting for his portrait to no less a painter than Sir Edwin Landseer. The young artist, in one of his early visits to Scotland, made a sketch in oil of him, which, after various transmissions, is now in the possession of Mr. James Edgar, of the Gordon Arms Hotel, Elgin.

hole at Gordon Castle. I hope to make a good plan for an inn at Huntly before the winter is over. When can they begin to build? I don't undertake the granary. Mr. Hoy must plan that. Pray give my best compts. to Mrs. Todd and all your family—likewise all friends and your neighbours in Fochabers, and believe me always,

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

George Gordon.

This letter is especially interesting in its allusion to an Englishman, who was, at that time, creating a great sensation in Badenoch. This was Colonel Thornton of Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire—a man of great wealth and greater profusion, whose "Sporting Tour through the Northern Parts of England and great part of the Highlands of Scotland," published in 1804,* is one of the rarest, and, to a Scotchman, most entertaining of books. The preparations which he made for his "expedition" as he calls it, were on a more magnificent scale than would now be considered necessary for a voyage of discovery into the heart of Africa. Two vessels, the Ville de Paris and the Gibraltar, were sent on to await him in the north, while he himself with a friend, an artist, hounds, hawks, carriages, riding horses, baggage horses, tents, guns, fishing tackle, and full apparatus for camping out, set off for his destination by land. That destination was Raits, near Kingussie, a property better known as Belville—a name conferred on it by "Ossian" Macpherson, who subsequently purchased it from, we believe, Mr. Macintosh of Borlum. With Raits as his headquarters, he made excursions in all directions, naming cataracts after himself, recording his sport day by day, noting the peculiarities of the "natives," and now and again naively expressing his astonishment to find them not quite the savages he seems to have thought they ought to have been. In one of these excursions he visited Gordon Castle, where he met Lord Monboddo, and was kindly entertained. The duchess he found polite and affable; the duke a finished gentleman and sportsman.† As for the style of life

* Characteristically enough, the year in which this tour was accomplished is not stated in his book; but from a letter from the Duke of Gordon, dated March 6th, 1789, in the "Auchenhalrig Correspondence," in which Colonel Thornton's name is mentioned, it must have been in that year.

† Colonel Thornton might have added "and an excellent poet as well." To his Grace's accomplished pen we owe a very popular lyric—the answer to the jovial song of the "Three Gir'd logie," better known, perhaps, by its first lines:—

at the castle,—its hospitable table, its evening adjournments to the ballroom, where "reels, strathspeys, and country dances" formed the diversion before supper, its unstinted and admirable sport, its gardens, especially the kitchen garden, "affording, in the true old style, plenty of everything," seemed to him a perfect terrestrial paradise. There was only one thing he did not admire, and that was the women he saw at church. "It is astonishing," he says, "how plain the country women are here; I did not discover one that was tolerable, except a very pretty girl we met on our return from the moors the day before; and, as many of them were the daughters of mechanics who lived decently, I am much at a loss to account for this scanty distribution of beauty." We are sorry for the colonel's bad taste.

But to return from this digression. Two letters from Lord Cardross to Mr. Tod's brother-in-law, Professor Ogilvie, of the years 1764 and 1765, presenting to the university of Aberdeen three specimens of "the famous stone of so singular property in electricity, call'd Tourmalins or Ashstones, found in the island of Ceylon only, and sent me by the late governor of that settlement, the ingenious Mr. John Gideon van Lolen, a member of the Royal Society," which, by the way, turned out to be very inferior specimens, are too lengthy to be reproduced here. The last of these, which is dated "Little Halingbury, near Sawbridge-worth, Herts, June 7th, 1765," is a long and learned treatise on these pseudogemmata and their literature, from which, as a specimen of his lordship's academic style, and to justify ourselves, in our readers' eyes, for not having printed them, we give a single paragraph:—

There's cauld Kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Strathbogie.

The original song had asserted the merits of the social glass; his Grace replies by advocating the claims of beauty and the dance. The duke's poem is too long to quote in its entirety. But the two following verses will show how eloquently he maintains his theme:—

In coddilions the French excel;
John Bull loves country-dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well,
Myneher an Allemande prances;
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At three-some they dance wondrous light,
But twosomes ding a' out o' sight
Danced to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blythesome rogue,
I'll tak' this lassie to myself!
She looks sae keen and sogie.
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring,
The country fashion is the thing,
To prees their mous e'er we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie!

I now after a long, too long a Silence, make use of that charming Privilege which the Invention of Visible Characters to express our Thoughts has afforded us, a Privilege which like the light of Day, the verdure of the fields, the Azure of the Sky, and the Rest of the more familiar Providences of Almighty Benevolence are too little attended too, and Impinge more feebly on our Hearts and Understandings than more Unusual tho' not more Precious Enjoyments. I gave you likewise in my former letter my Opinion of Doctor Reid's Essay on the Human Mind, a work which now Justly meets with Universal Approbation. I mentioned it to the famous Mr. Melmoth, the Translator, the Elegant Translator of Pliny's Epistles; who resides in our neighbourhood in Somersetshire, and I was glad to find a Coincidence in our Opinion of It which Strengthened Mine.

Want of space — certainly not want of material — prevents our quoting many other curious documents, which have found their way into this interesting collection. But we cannot refrain from transcribing one letter more. It is the copy of a communication from Sir Hew Dalrymple of North Berwick to Sir Lawrence Dundas, the ancestor of the present earls of Zetland, who in 1766 bought the estates and rights of the old earldom of Orkney and Zetland.

Edinbr., 14th May, 1775.

My dear Sir Lawrence, —

Having spent a long Life in Pursuit of Pleasure and Wealth, I am now retired from the World, in Poverty, and with the Gout, so joining with Solomon that all is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, I go to Church, and say my Prayers. I assure you that most of us religious People reap some little Satisfaction, in hoping that you wealthy Voluptuaries have a fair Chance of being damned to all Eternity, and that like Dives you shall then call out for Water to Lazarus, one Drop of which you never tasted while you had the 12 Apostles* in your Cellar. Now, Sir, this Doctrine laid down I wish my Friend a Loop Hole to escape thro'. Going to Church last Sunday as usual, I saw an unknown face in the Pulpit, and rising up to Prayer, as others do upon the like Occasion, I looked round to see if there was any pretty Girl there, when my attention was attracted by the most pathetic Prayer I ever heard. This made me all attention to the Sermon; a finer Discourse never came from the Lips of Reasoning, conveyed by the most elegant expressions. I immediately thought of what Agrippa said to Paul, "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian." I sent to ask the holy man of God to honor my Roof and dine with me; I asked his Country and what not, I even asked if his Sermons were of his own Composition. He answered me they

were. I told him I believed him for no man had ever spoke or wrote so well; my name is Dishington said he; I am assistant to a lunatick Preacher in the Orkneys, who enjoys a fruitfull Benefice of £50 St. per annum, out of which I am allowed £20 for preaching to, and instructing 1,200 People who live in two separate Islands, out of which I pay £1 5s. St. to the Boatman who transports me from one Island to the other by turns. I should be happy could I continue in that terrestrial Paradise; But we have a great Lord who has many little People soliciting him for what he *can* do, and for what he *cannot* do, and if my Minister dies, his Succession is too great a Prize, not to raise up a great many powerful People, Rivals, to baulk my hope of Preferment; I asked him if he possessed any other Wealth; Yes, Sir, says he, I married the prettiest girl in the whole Island, she has blessed me with three fine children, and as we are both young we may expect many more; besides, I am so beloved, I shall have all my Peats brought me Carriage free; this is my story. Now, to the Prayer of the Petition; I never before envied you the Possession of the Orkneys, which I now do, only to provide for this elegant, innocent Apostle. The Sun has refused your barren Islands his Kindly Influence, — do not deprive them of so pleasant a Preacher. Let not so great a Treasure be lost to that unhospitable Country, for I assure you were the Archbishop of Canterbury to hear him or his merit, he could do no less than make him an Arch-Deacon. This man has but one weakness, — that of preferring the Orkneys to all the earth. This way you have a Chance for Salvation. Do the man good and he will pray for you. This will be a better Purchass than your Irish Estate, or the Orkneys, and I think will help me well forward too, since I am the man who told you of this man, so worthy, so deserving, so pious, and so eloquent, and whose Prayers may do much. Till I hear from you on this head, I bid you farewell. Yours in all meekness, Love, and Benevolence, H. D.

Edinbr., 14 May, 1775.

P.S. I think what an unmistakable Pleasure it will be to look down from Heaven, and to see Rigby, Masterton, and Campbell, and all the Nabobs swimming in Fire and Brimstone, while you are sitting with Whitefield and his good old Women looking beautifull and frisking and singing. All this you may have by settling this man after the Death of the present Incumbent.

It is satisfactory to think that the recommendation was duly given effect to. Mr. Dishington obtained the benefit in Orkney referred to, when it became vacant, and he held it till his death. His memory is still revered in these bleak and distant isles to which he consecrated all his time and all his talents.

CHARLES RAMPINI.

* Twelve butts of wine in Sir Lawrence's cellar, so called.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

THE EARLY DIARY OF FRANCES BURNEY.*

IT is not a little strange that we should now first become acquainted with the "Early Diary of Frances Burney." It is more than a century since the world was carried by storm through the appearance of "Evelina." It is nearly half a century since Macaulay wrote his well-known essay on Madame d'Arblay, in which the praise awarded to her earlier works gave deeper emphasis to his assertion that her later style was the worst the world had ever seen. Amid the real or affected revival of interest in earlier English fiction which has blossomed in *éditions de luxe* of Richardson and Fielding and Smollett, we might have expected that a place would sooner have been found for the early diary of one who can claim to be the mother of that purer romance which forms so large a part of contemporary literature. Possibly the memory of Dr. Burney's "Memoirs" and Madame d'Arblay's later diaries cast a shadow over the prospects of any further production from the pen of Frances Burney which was dark enough to deter the most enterprising publisher. Whatever the cause which withheld the "Early Diary," we are unfeignedly rejoiced that it has been overcome, and we beg to offer our hearty welcome to so substantial an addition to the knowledge of English life in the eighteenth century as these volumes convey.

Before proceeding to speak about the "Diary" itself, a word of acknowledgment is due to the editor for the careful pains with which she has accomplished a most laborious task. Amidst the multitude of names that occur in these pages there is hardly one which Mrs. Ellis has not elucidated, and almost every unusual word or phrase meets with ample explanation in her copious notes. After such an admission — which we make most unrereservedly, and with a lively memory of the obscurity in which some recent biographies are left through lack of similar annotation — it seems ungracious to add that Mrs. Ellis's forte is also her foible, and that the conscientious critic is compelled to wade through much matter which could have been spared without injury to these portly volumes. In days when the mass of current literature swells to vast

proportions, it is a serious burden to have such a work as this extended over seven hundred and fifty pages by voluminous notes upon every variety of person and subject, however slight their connection with the text; by a preface of ninety pages, distended by useless anecdotes of the wrong Sam Crisp, as well as by a detailed account of the fortunes and failures of the ancestry of the veritable "daddy;" and by an appendix of Mrs. Pappendiek's "Reminiscences," which are apparently inserted only to show that they are utterly untrustworthy. Mrs. Ellis should ponder the maxim *Ne quid nimis.*

The domestic interior painted in such vivid colors by Frances Burney's pen presents a variety of elements rarely seen in combination in the same class of life. Her father came of an old, but reduced family, and was dependent upon the care of an elder brother, who first trained him in music under his own eye, and then bound him as apprentice to the famous Dr. Arne. A youth of drudgery and hardship neither extinguished Charles Burney's love for the home of his boyhood, nor rendered him an unfit associate in the eyes of Fulk Greville, a dandy of the first water, who wanted an agreeable travelling companion. Intense capacity for enjoyment and for work, a singular power of attraction which secured the friendship of such judges of character as Garrick and Dr. Johnson, a charm of manner acquired through travel and association with men of high breeding, and a professional position which enabled him to gather the leaders of society and the first artists of the day beneath the roof of Newton House, all helped to give Dr. Burney a standing in the metropolis that was almost unique. His house, to the outer world, might have seemed the beau-ideal of simple living and high thinking. By his own children, for whom he fulfilled most scantly the simplest duties of a father, and especially by Frances, he was absolutely adored. Frances lost her mother when she was only nine years old, and five years later Dr. Burney married the widow of the Rev. Stephen Allen to take charge of his six motherless children. The second Mrs. Burney had already three children, and two more were the issue of the second marriage. Mrs. Burney generally went to Lynn for a sojourn of some months' duration in each year. The doctor was engaged in giving music-lessons from eight A.M. to ten P.M., so unremittingly that he took his meals in the coach which conveyed him from the house

* The Early Diary of Frances Burney, 1768-1778, with a Selection from her Correspondence and from the Journals of her Sisters, Susan and Charlotte Burney. Edited by Annie Raine Ellis, author of "Sylvester" and editor of "Evelina" and "Camilla." Two vols. London, 1889.

of one pupil to that of another, and on his return retreated, after a hasty supper, to spend half the night at work in his study. Life under such conditions was favorable to the free development of those personal characteristics which gave a distinct individuality to each member of the family, and the whole group was charmingly united by strong mutual affection. Almost all of them had a passion for writing, and the tone and sparkle which glitter in the "Diary" and its appendices explain and justify the warm regard of Garrick for all the Burneys. Besides the education inseparable from constant intercourse with clever men and women, through a Huguenot grandmother French was as familiar as English to them, and most of the daughters spent a couple of years at a Parisian boarding-school. Yet it is curious that the one member of the family who did not enjoy such exceptional advantages became pre-eminent as the authoress of "Evelina," "Cecilia," and "Camilla."

It could hardly have been other than a perilous training for young, motherless girls which fell to the lot of Frances Burney and her sisters. Her stepmother was absent for months together. Her father, occupied from morning till night with his pupils and absorbed besides in literary projects, rarely invited his daughter's presence save when he required her willing devotion as his amanuensis. And Frances in early childhood made such slow progress that she was set down as the dunce of the family. It speaks worlds for the high sense of propriety and the innate purity of one who was so much left to herself that, despite the contagion of a prevalent coarseness of manners, despite the more dangerous example of Maria Allen — one of Mrs. Burney's children by her first marriage — who doated on Frances as only a warm-hearted, daring madcap can on a gentle, staid, and almost prudish sister — despite the distractions inseparable from the London home of a professional musician, Frances marked out for herself, and steadily pursued such a course of study as, with the improved materials now at command, many a modern English girl might advantageously imitate. History and poetry of the highest class were her favorite studies. The *cacoethes scribendi* was a family endowment, and it was developed in Frances Burney precociously enough. Before the age of fifteen she began a diary — no mere dry record of events, but a sprightly narrative interwoven with reflections on life and society,

that would not disgrace a much older writer. At fourteen she designed a novel called the "History of Caroline Evelyn," which was completed and then committed to the flames. But the plot of this story clung to her memory, and was subsequently developed in "Evelina."

Some portion of the influence which their parents might, but did not, exert in moulding the character and taste of the Burney family, was exercised by one whose name has become familiar through Macaulay's famous essays; but the Daddy Crisp who, according to the great essayist, spent thirty years of morbid gloom in lamenting the failure of his drama of "Virginia" ill accords with the real "Daddy" of Frances Burney's "Early Diary." From his strange home at Chisington, Mr. Crisp wrote unwearied exhortation, encouragement, and criticism to the Burneys. His own surroundings were quaint enough to demand a passing mention. Mr. Crisp had spent the larger part of his moderate estate in the best London society, but had failed to secure any public appointment or to acquire the fame he had anticipated from his play of "Virginia." To reduce his expenditure and to nurse his resentment, he retired to a solitary mansion, which his widowed friend Mrs. Hamilton was glad to convert into a boarding-house, where the former associate of Fulk Greville and the beautiful Miss Gunning, the *dilettante* Sam Crisp, henceforth spent his days in the company of a helpless cripple and three ill-assorted women.

So strange a household, however, was not without its attractions to the select few whose friendship Mr. Crisp cared still to cultivate. To the Burney family — father and children alike — Chisington was the most charming of retreats. Its conditions would not have recommended it to modern tastes. There were no roads to the house and no stated postal delivery. A secret way, the clue of which was revealed to intimate friends, could be traversed by coach, but needed four horses when the weather was unfavorable. For receipt of letters the inmates were dependent upon a chance visitor or the kindness of the parson. Yet life within its walls was cheerful enough when any of the Burneys were its guests. Amateur theatricals, performed amidst roars of laughter, cheered young and old equally; music of no mean excellence awakened its echoes, which answered to the sailor merriment of Captain Cook's fellow-voyager, James Burney, when the news of his appointment to a sloop-of-war broke in upon

the whist-table. The man could not have been the mere victim of a foolish delusion, which he nursed in selfish discontent for half a lifetime, to whom old and young alike betook themselves in the hour of weariness and trouble. An early episode in this diary may serve to illustrate Daddy Crisp's true character.

Maria Allen, a singularly warm-hearted and impulsive girl, reciprocated the passion of Martin Rishton, a connection of her family and a young blood of the first water. At Oxford this young gentleman had kept his coach and four, and had in other ways betrayed an extravagance beyond what his fortune could maintain, although he had considerable expectations. Friends on both sides disapproved of their engagement, and when Rishton suddenly returned from the Continent, to which he had been despatched on the pretext of making the grand tour, but really to get him away from his lady-love, Maria herself started off for Geneva to keep at a distance from her betrothed. Yet half a continent, even before the days of steam, was too narrow a barrier to separate ardent lovers. The young couple were secretly married at Ypres, and in dread of her mother's anger, Maria's first thought was to fly with Susan Burney to the help of Daddy Crisp. The diary and notes combined supply a graphic picture of the penitent's confession. Mr. Crisp is taken up by Susan Burney and Kitty Cooke, into the young ladies' room, where Maria is found sobbing — were they genuine tears? — with her face hidden in the bedclothes. Susan takes Maria's left hand, and shows Mr. Crisp the tell-tale ring. When Daddy asks what it means, Maria is ready with a hundred lies in a moment. A few more tears, a few words of fatherly regret and forgiveness, and the comedy is over. But Mr. Crisp will have no further deviation from the path of good behavior — the bride must at once confess her marriage to her mother and avow it to the world. The degree of Maria's penitence is gauged by her letter to Frances, in which she sends home no word of apology to her "governor" — so she calls her mother — but displays great anxiety about the preparation of a suitable trousseau.

Life in Poland Street, Soho, where the "Early Diary" opens, presented a strange mixture of social conditions. The days had not yet come when the existence of a single shop made a street uninhabitable by any family of fashion, and peeresses and their perruquiers dwelt calmly side by side. The Duke of Chandos, Lady

Augusta Bridges, and Sir Willoughby Aston were neighbors in Poland Street of Dr. Burney and of the barber with whose family Frances and her sisters associated. A certain Mrs. Pringle was another early friend, and the chaperon at dances, where, according to the fashion of the day, the hostess frequently assigned her guests to one another as partners for the entire evening, and the dancing, preceded by a substantial tea and suspended later for a heavy supper, was often continued to very late hours. As we read the "Early Diary," the genesis of "Evelina" is revealed. Its pages comprise the same singular commixture of classes in real life as those which surround the ideal heroine. As time went on, good-natured Mrs. Pringle and her set were no longer thought to be desirable acquaintances, and a removal to Queen Square — now a dark purlieu in the most squalid region of Holborn, then an open space commanding distant views of Highgate and Hampstead — cut off all further intimacy. But the tone and style of this section of society was already accurately and firmly grasped, to be reproduced in the Branghton family. The queer, blunt, personal remarks, the outspoken querulousness about trifles, the ostentatious and irritating courtship of unacceptable admirers, the manners alternately slatternly and fine, the practical jokes, the questionable innuendos in "Evelina," all have their counterpart in the "Early Diary." We have lost something of the freedom and joyousness of life through the solemn self-restraint of our more recent civilization. Are ladies now more truly amiable because they do not complain loudly, as they did then, if they were cheated out of half a country dance? Are men more true-hearted because they would not jump up, like James Burney, from the whist-table and whisk Kitty Cooke round the room, when news arrived of his promotion? We prefer the less boisterous habits of our own times, but we need not be too confident that we are better than our ancestors.

In this mingled throng Frances Burney took her place with small outward indication of her subsequent distinction. Slight in person, indifferent to dress, and almost painfully shy, she would sit by preference in some retired corner, but nothing escaped her notice. At an early age she is said to have learned much from lessons given to her elder sisters in her hearing, and thought to be far beyond her mental powers. The habit thus formed grew stronger by exercise, and a tenacious

memory helped her to reproduce in her diary the complete dialogue in which she had discussed some point of no great interest with an intelligent companion. A facility of composition was rapidly acquired, and the pages intended only for her own perusal were filled with portraiture that was marked by a singular clearness of vision in detecting, and by unerring accuracy in delineating, characteristic idiosyncrasy. How little did the visitors at Queen Square suspect that the quiet, unobtrusive Frances wielded so masterly a pen or sketched their weaknesses so incisively. Long before Daddy Crisp found out her powers, she had formed her own views on the comparative nature of things and on the character of most of her acquaintances.

It is amusing to read such moralizing as follows—which, albeit, is good common sense, and might well be remembered in our own days—of this young girl of seventeen.

Miss Crawford called here lately; she is very earnest for us to visit her, but we are not very earnest about the matter: however, the laws of custom make our spending one evening with her necessary. Oh, how I hate this vile custom, which obliges us to make slaves of ourselves! —to sell the most precious property we boast, our time; and to sacrifice it to every prattling importunity who chooses to demand it! Yet those who shall pretend to defy this irksome confinement of our happiness must stand accused of incivility—breach of manners—love of originality—and what not. But, nevertheless, they who will nobly dare to be above submitting to chains their reason disapproves, them shall I always honor, if that will be of any service to them! For why should we not be permitted to be masters of our time? Why may we not venture to love, and to dislike; and why, if we do, may we not give to those we love the richest jewel we own, our time? What is it can stimulate us to bestow *that* on all alike? 'tis not affection, 'tis not a desire of pleasing, or, if it is, it is a very weak one; no, 'tis indolence, 'tis custom—custom which is so woven around us, which so universally commands us, which we all blame and all obey without knowing why or wherefore . . . which, in short, is a very ridiculous affair, more particularly as it hath kept me writing on until I have forgot what introduced it (i. 49, 50).

The record of a visit to Teignmouth, where Maria Rishton and her husband were staying, was the first of Frances Burney's literary productions that was submitted to a limited circle of friends. It conveys a vivid and attractive picture of life at a fashionable English watering-place a century and a quarter ago, which

recalls the sports and hospitality of Devonshire in more recent days. The young husband, with all the manly pursuits of his Oxford days—cricket, riding, driving, boating, shooting—retains much of his university hauteur, and would like his wife to be more exclusive in her acquaintance. He is jealous—not without reason, as Maria was a little negligent and untidy in her personal appearance—but is every inch a man, sunburnt, strong, and hardy, and a most devoted husband. As his wife is driving Frances in the whisky after nightfall through the roads, which are narrow, steep, and craggy, he dismounts from his horse, and himself, in the midst of the wet and dirt, leads the whisky by the hand. "On such occasions he is very uncommonly good-natured and attractive to female fears and cowardice." It is a pretty idyllic scene which is presented by the small, neat, thatched, and whitewashed cottage and the simple village sports, which included an old-English bout at wrestling and races rowed by fishwomen, whose husbands are away at Labrador. The company, including a wearisome old beau with his everlasting compliments, a rich, epicurean parson, and what would now be called a fast young lady, furnish an ample and varied portrait-gallery.

The Teignmouth journal originated a very particular correspondence with Mr. Crisp, the tenor of whose criticism may be gathered from the following extract:

I profess there is not a single word or expression or thought in your whole letter that I do not relish; not that in our correspondence I shall set up for a critic or schoolmaster, or observer of composition—the deuce take them all! I hate them! If once you set about framing studied letters that are to be correct, nicely grammatical, and run in smooth periods, I shall mind them no otherwise than as newspapers of intelligence. I make this preface because you have needlessly enjoined me to deal sincerely and to tell you of your faults; and so let this declaration serve to tell you, once for all, that there is no fault in an epistolary correspondence like stiffness and study. Dash away whatever comes uppermost; the sudden sallies of imagination, clapp'd down on paper just as they arise, are worth folios, and have all the warmth and merit of that sort of nonsense that is eloquent in love. Never think of being correct when you write to me (vol. i., pp. 258–9).

It would have been well if the advice so characteristically given had been persistently followed in later years.

We have not space for even a glance at a tithe of the names which occur in the

"Early Diary." Late in life Frances Burney subjected her journal to unsparing revision, excising whole pages, and retaining but a fragment of the original. Our curiosity is whetted as we read the remnant spared to us wherein so many notables flit rapidly across the stage. These "parleyings with certain people of importance in their day" serve to remind us how fleeting a thing fame often proves to be. Who now knows or cares anything about Dr. Hawkesworth and Dr. Solander? The *prime donne* and great Italian singers who then carried the world by storm, and with most exceptional graciousness sang at Dr. Burney's concerts, have been utterly forgotten, save for the mention of their names by Lord Macaulay and by Frances Burney. Rank and beauty and eccentricity — the lions of a bygone century — have faded to the pale shadow of their former renown. Omai, the Otaheitan, Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, Miss Linley, the peerless beauty, will reappear (at least, the British names among them) in Mr. Leslie Stephens's "Biographical Dictionary," like flies in amber, and another generation will wonder how they got there. *Stabunt nominis umbrae.* A few immortals stand out imperishably: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, David Garrick.

The two latter call for more than passing mention, and we may deal with Garrick most conveniently at once. Nowhere could the versatile, irritable genius be seen to greater advantage. He calls in Queen Square at all hours to get Dr. Burney to come and dine with him, and will have no denial. He plays the beau to the young ladies with courtly grace and delights the children with the most winning pantomime. All the tender fondness of this childless man is lavished on these beautiful, high-spirited girls. He gives them the best seats in his theatre, and when Dr. Burney modestly asks for two places in the manager's box, he places it at their disposal with the answer, "I would rather have your family in my box than all the Lords and Commons." The "Diary" mentions with what consummate art Garrick played the character of Abel Drugger in "The Alchemist."

Never could I have imagined such a metamorphose as I saw: the extreme meanness, the vulgarity, the low wit, the vacancy of countenance, the appearance of *unlick'd nature* in all his motions — in short, never was character so well entered into, yet so opposite to his own (vol. i., p. 255).

So perfect was the rendering, that some

one who had a letter of introduction to Garrick, after seeing him as Abel Drugger, decided not to present it "to so mean-looking a creature!"

A large part of the "Diary" in the second volume is filled with the unsuccessful suit of a certain Mr. Barlow, and with descriptions of the concerts Dr. Burney gave at Newton House, St. Martin's Lane, to which he removed in the early summer of 1774. The house was large and commodious, and the great astronomer's observatory served as a private study for Frances, who at this date burned all her writings up to her fifteenth year, but complains that she grows less wise as she grows older, and cannot any longer resist the pleasure of popping down her thoughts from time to time on paper. Was it then that she commenced the rough draft of "Evelina?" Three years later it had made such progress that it was hinted at in a letter to her sister Susan, and was distinctly mentioned in the prelude to her Worcester journal. Meanwhile materials were being steadily accumulated by sharpened observation concealed beneath the mask of retiring shyness. Yet, timid as Frances Burney was, she knew her own mind, and would form resolutions from which nothing but her father's express orders could have moved her. In vain was the continued and urgent pertinacity with which Mr. Barlow pressed his suit; in vain the expostulations of friends and the urgency with which her elder sisters begged her not to refuse so good a settlement for life. Even Daddy Crisp's affectionate remonstrance to take warning by the example of his landlady, who had once had a chance of 3,000*l.* a year that never returned to her — and which begs her only to take time before she decides irrevocably — failed to bend her. She would not give her hand without her heart. Her mind was made up, she writes, not to unite herself for life with one who must have full power to make her miserable, and perhaps none to make her happy. Indeed, her own home at this period of her life contained attractions of a high order.

Dr. Burney's popularity was unbounded, and the leaders of society crowded to his musical receptions, at which the first artists in Europe assisted. Princes and ambassadors, peeresses, and *prime donne*, all the lions of the season, gathered beneath his roof; Count Orloff, fresh from the murder of the emperor Paul of Russia, and his fellow-giant Bruce, the Abyssinian explorer, fresh from eating steaks cut from a living buffalo; Gabrielli and Agu-

jari, whose songs elsewhere are scarce and costly as a king's ransom, but who warble at Newton House a whole evening through; peers in abundance — Lords Edgecumbe, Ashburnham, Barrington, Sandwich; foreign counts, who feel at home where French is spoken so fluently; a sprinkling of Church dignitaries. What a flow of talk on all the subjects of the day to fall upon so retentive an ear. Presently, in March, 1777, a still greater event occurs in a visit from Dr. Johnson, whose peculiarities and humors are graphically chronicled for the benefit of Daddy Crisp. We are sorely tempted to transcribe the account, but it is too long to quote entire, and it will hardly bear condensation.

Very different phases of English life are reproduced in the Worcester journal, which contains the record of a visit to the cities of Gloucester and Worcester, and to Sir Herbert Pakington's country seat at Westwood. The pen of Frances Burney sketches the varied scenes with all the minute fidelity of a Dutch painting. How vividly they all stand out! The militia review and county ball, where the company is exclusively of one political party, and a young partisan of the other side dare not be seen; the hostess spending hours under the barber's hands to appear in the most absurd headgear at the assembly; the struggle for chairs in which to go to the ball; the hurried inspection of the college, as the cathedral was then called (the grand old pile at Worcester is not once even mentioned), with its fast locked doors, and its whispering gallery and its imimitable tower, which all fail to elicit one reverent word of holy things — such items reproduce with almost painful exactness the life of a hundred years ago. The character-monger, as Dr. Johnson called her, stands confessed in this description of her hostess at Gloucester dashed off for the information of her sister, and yet as terse and pointed as an epigram: —

If you would have my opinion of Mrs. Wall, from what I saw of her in a visit of three days, take it. I think her very plain, though very smart in dress and appearance; she is clever, but very satirical; she makes it a rule never to look at a woman when she can see a man; she takes it in turn to be very natural and very affected; she spends infinitely more than half her time at her toilette, to which she is an absolute slave; she is exceedingly fond of laughing and making merry, but rather tiresome in pointing out that *p penchant*, not leaving others to discover; and, in short, she has three ruling passions, each of them so strong it would be difficult to say which pre-

dominates, and these are dress, admiration, and *fun* — simple, honest, unrefined *fun*. I can believe anything as to the present to Richard from her behavior and looks; she is forever seeking Richard's eyes, and when they meet they smile so significantly, and look with such intelligence at each other! But, indeed, Mrs. Wall does not confine her smiles to him, any more than he does his gallantry to her. Were I Dr. Wall I should be infinitely miserable to have a wife so apparently addicted to flirting and seeking objects with whom to coquet from morning to night (ii. 184-5).

To narrate the circumstances connected with the writing and publication of "Evelina" would be but the repetition of a thrice-told tale. The story appears here in fuller detail, but its main incidents are sufficiently familiar to our readers. After the first agony of suspense was over, infinite amusement was caused by the remarks made upon it, in the hearing of Frances and her special *confidante* Susan Burney, by friends who had no suspicion of its author. Shortly after its appearance Frances went to Cheshington to recruit her strength after serious illness, and Susan writes her full accounts of the growing fame of her novel. She overhears Dr. Burney reading it aloud at strangely early hours to his wife, and records at one time his hearty laughter, at another the tears which he cannot restrain. Lady Hales is reading it and Miss Coussmaker. Mrs. Thrale is reading it and quoting it to Dr. Johnson. Sir Joshua Reynolds has read it, and vows he will make love to the author if ever he knows her. Dr. Johnson has read it, and pronounced it not inferior to Fielding. People are quoting it everywhere and on all occasions. Every one is talking of Madame Duval and the Branghtons, of Captain Mirvan and Sir Clement Willoughby, of Mr. Villars and Lord Orville. So much modesty and so much merit had never, it is said, been combined in any earlier romance. Great ladies are carrying it everywhere. The severest critics are unanimous in its praise. Finally the oracle, Dr. Johnson, has spoken, and Frances may now rest secure on her literary throne, for none can ever shake it. No need, adds Susan, as she sends this crowning message of delight, to pray (in the words of Evelina) that "the height of fame to which you are rising may not render you giddy, but that the purity of your mind may form the brightest splendor of your prosperity." At this supreme moment of a life that was, in after-years, so long and mournfully overclouded, the "Early Diary" comes abruptly to an end.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE CASTLE OF ALNWICK.

"THEY are building at Northumberland House, at Sion, at Stanwick, at Alnwick and Warkworth Castles! They live by the etiquette of the peerage, have Swiss porters, the countess has her pipers — in short, they will soon have no estate," wrote Walpole, in 1752, of the Earl and Countess of Northumberland (afterwards duke and duchess). This conviction was a mistake on the part of the author of the "Castle of Otranto," for the fortunate couple in question, far from getting through their estate, actually augmented it; and their representatives enjoy the additions they made to it, as well as the various possessions mentioned, to this day, even to the pipers, with, perhaps, the exception of the Swiss porters, who have been from time to time replaced by men of other nationalities.

Seventeen years after the date of Horace Walpole's gossip, Pennant, setting out for his tour in Scotland, also touched upon the ducal porters, or rather upon the absence of one at Alnwick Castle. "You look in vain," he said, "for any marks of the grandeur of the feudal age; for trophies won by a family eminent in our annals for military prowess and deeds of chivalry; for halls hung with helms and hauberks, or with the spoils of the chase; for extensive forests and venerable oaks. You look in vain for the helmet on the tower, the ancient sign of hospitality to the traveller; or for the grey-headed porter to conduct him to the hall of entertainment. The numerous train, whose countenances gave welcome to him on his way, are now no more; and instead of the disinterested usher of the old times, he is attended by a valet eager to receive the fees of admittance. There is a vast grandeur in the appearance of the outside of the castle; the towers magnificent, but injured by the numbers of rude statues crowded on the battlements. The apartments are large, and lately finished in the Gothic style with a most incompatible elegance. The gardens are equally inconsistent, trim in the highest degree, and more adapted to a villa near London than the ancient seat of a great baron." Other writers followed on the same lines. Wordsworth, writing to a friend, said any one visiting Alnwick with his head full of the ancient Percies would be woefully disappointed. The American poet Halleck harped upon the same string: —

The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half-dozen serving-men
In the drab coat of William Penn;
A chamber-maid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke Nature's aristocracy;
And one, half-groom, half-seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

The ancient stronghold thus frequently deemed spoilt by "incompatible elegance" consists, all the same, of a mighty keep of a most knightly and stately aspect, composed of a ring of towers encircling an inner courtyard of an irregular contour. This keep, part of which rises to an altitude of a hundred feet, stands almost in the centre of an area of several acres in extent, enclosed by a high curtain-wall, which has towers and garrets along its course at somewhat close intervals. Below the curtain-wall northwards, at the distance of a long stone's-throw, flows the river Alne through green pastures, with here and there a gentle bend, and here and there a white-fringed fall to a lower level; and, close at hand, there is a fine stone bridge over it, on which is a pedestal surmounted by a lion of the same heraldic variety as that which used to guard Northumberland House at Charing Cross. Close up to the walls on the side of the castle farthest from the river is built the old cold grey stony Border town, with a view, evidently, to enjoy the security of its protection. Westwards, the barbican opens into a wide space, or *place d'armes*, from which departs a short, broad street of good stone houses leading to the ancient church, and, beyond that edifice, to the adjacent country now forming the ducal parks, and once the pleasant lands of two monastic houses, Alnwick Abbey and Hulne Priory, and to the wide hilly, heathery moors that skirt it.

Those who understand the testimony of the stones point out the keep and curtain-wall have remains of the grand old massy Norman castle built by Eustace de Vescy about the middle of the twelfth century; and these remains are in positions which make it clear that the extent of land originally occupied by the edifice was, as near as may be, identical with that now covered by it. The great bulk of the building, however, at present consists of the alterations and additions made by Henry Percy on his acquisition of the Norman structure by purchase, in 1309, from An-

thony Bek, Bishop of Durham, who was then trustee by the last of the De Vescies. Probably the old fortress of the Norman noble then required bringing up to date, so to say, for the stones still bear evidence that Henry Percy, the first lord of Alnwick, built a new barbican and gatehouse of entrance, seven or eight towers on the curtain-wall, a draw-well in the inner courtyard in an arched recess, and renewed the east side of the keep. The heraldry on a line of shields enriching two towers made to strengthen the entrance to the innermost courtyard furthermore inform us that his son probably completed this portion of the improvements. More of the work of this period may have been removed from time to time in subsequent alterations, especially in the course of those mentioned by Walpole, but this very considerable amount is still standing, wind-worn and silver-grey, and firm, compact, and stalwart. We may note the slits for the cross-bows the holes and grooves in the merlons of the embattled parapets for the wooden shutters which filled in the embrasures and thus increased the strength of the defence, the grooves for the portcullises, the traces of fosses both within and without the walls, the machicolations and other cunning devices that once made the chances of defence superior to those of attack. We may see there were three strong gateways at distant intervals to be forced before the entrance in the inner courtyard could be approached by assailants. We may still see, too, on the parapets and towers the "rude statues" mentioned by Pennant, that are stone figures of men in various warriorlike attitudes, by which the defenders endeavoured to confuse besiegers as to the extent of the garrison.

There is also structural evidence that the son of Hotspur likewise strengthened the fortress by heightening the walls and adding parapets to them; and it is on record he obtained a license to crenelate the town wall. Old surveys and plans show isolated buildings in different parts of the enclosure, such as a chapel and an exchequer-house, that may have been removed, some of which may have also been built in his time.

All these early Percy works had, in their turn, become considerably dilapidated when the first duke and duchess resolved to re-embellish the structure in the taste of their day. The grand old fabric that had seen King John, Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., ride into its courtyard successively,

in the course of years, and take up temporary residence within its walls, in all the pride and pomp of royal circumstance, had been neglected for some time, and had even been used as a school in 1691. At need, more than three thousand men and a large number of horses had been put up within its precincts. Centuries of similar hard service and the various fortunes of the family, which involved much non-residence, must have left it in considerable disrepair. Four old surveys extant describe the dilapidations and necessary repairs to this "very gudlye howsse of thre wards," as the earliest of them, dated 1538, calls "the castelle of Alnwyke." There was, therefore, no unconsidered destruction of ancient work; and the hostile criticisms bestowed upon the reparations must have been evoked chiefly by the "elegance" that had toned down all irregularities that told of actual service, and presented an aspect of formal regularity, long, low, level lines, and lavish ornamentation. The end aimed at was the attainment of a sumptuous and convenient residence, in accord with the requirements of the day; and, when this was accomplished, Capability Brown was employed to beautify and enrich the scenery around that constant warfare had, probably, kept bleak and bare. These were the days of Ranelagh, "The Rambler," Strawberry Hill, and the Cock Lane ghost; of Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, and Garrick; in fine, when Dr. Burney's house in St. Martin's Lane was a centre of interest, and Mrs. Montagu's mansion another; and Mrs. Thrale and Boswell had scarcely begun to monopolize the great lexicographer. The Duchess of Northumberland was in touch with the literary taste of the day, and some of her "*Bouts Rimés*," placed in the urn in the garden of Sir John Miller's villa, near Bath, have been preserved, and speak for her sprightly versatility. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "the Duchess of Northumberland may do what she pleases."

When Algernon, the fourth duke, came into possession, the renovations effected by his accomplished grandparents were showing symptoms of decay. The walls of the dining-room, into which the great hall of the ancient Percies had been converted, were leaning over several inches, and were also full of fissures. Other portions of the work of the last century were also exhibiting signs of weakness, whilst the work of the earlier Percies and of the Norman builder was sound. It was resolved, therefore, that the comparatively

light and slight buildings of the first duke and duchess should be replaced by new, that should be more in accordance with the manner of masonry in Plantagenet times, of which there was so much remaining. The treatment of the interior then became a question for consideration. Trophies and spoils of the chase, and the helms and hauberks missed by Pennant, would hardly be accepted as suitable decorations for the home of a nobleman in the reign of Queen Victoria, modern luxury having artistic requirements that these would not meet. Eventually, it was decided that the style of art that adorned the palaces of Italian nobles in the days of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael should be adopted. This combination of magnificence and refinement was thereupon adapted to the circumstances of the case by Italian artists, who journeyed from Rome for the purpose. The learned antiquary, the Commendatore Canina, accompanied them, and gave the sanction of his experience and judgment to the undertaking. Signor Montiroli, architect, brought the irregular external forms of the towers forming the keep into the necessary geometrical outlines in the interior that the style of adornment required. Signor Mantovani, who came fresh from the task of restoring some of Raphael's work in the Vatican, painted characteristic friezes for the state-rooms. Signor Bulletti, accredited from Cardinal Antonelli as the best carver in Italy, with the assistance of a staff of carvers under the direction of Mr. John Brown, was entrusted with the work of carving the superb decorations of the ceilings, doors, and window shutters. Choice marbles, granite, mosaic work, statuary, and other requisites were sent from Italy from time to time, and for some years the castle was a veritable school of Italian art. The coffered ceiling in the basilica of San Lorenzo suggested the treatment of that of the dining-room. The friezes by Giulio Romano in the Castle of San Angelo, Rome, furnished the thought that prevails in those in the drawing-room. Decorations in St. Peter's are reflected in those of the saloon. The Camera Borgia, in the Vatican, lent suggestions for the embellishment of the boudoir for the duchess; and altogether an atmosphere of Italian art was successfully introduced.

Meanwhile, some hundreds of workmen dotted the fine old pile, removing the work Walpole and Pennant decried, and gradually rearing with mighty scaffolding and a great travelling crane, and many other

appliances, the Prudhoe tower, designed by Mr. Salvin, which with its flag-turret now rises high above the rest of the structure with a grand effect of strength and endurance. (It takes a hundred and sixty-seven steps to climb to the leads on the summit.) In the course of these works of demolition and digging for the necessary foundations, many interesting facts came to light. It was ascertained there had been at one time a fosse or moat round the keep, within the curtain-walls. In the portion of this fosse that was excavated were found fragments of horsegear, and a triple-spiked iron claw, or calthroe, intended to lame horses. In the walls taken down were found tooled stones that had formed the heads, sills, jambs and mullions of windows, probably of the Percy towers that the works of the last century had superseded. There were also several coins, keys, old tools, and bones of animals brought to light; and a bottle placed there by the eighteenth-century masons, with a paper enclosed in it stating: "This castle was built by Mathew and Thomas Mills, master masons, in the year 1764." Still more interesting relics were found in an ornamental sarcophagus in the chapel when dismantled, consisting of a packet of letters from the duchess to the duke, small intaglio portraits of them both, several medallions struck in commemoration of the restoration of the castle, and some silver coins of the reign of George II. Those who were present when these souvenirs were found say the letters powdered away when they were lifted up, but all that could be preserved were placed in safe keeping. When the plaster-work was removed from the walls of the dining-room there were found behind it the marks of the daits of old times, the hooks for suspending tapestry, a hood-moulding terminating with a lion's claw, that indicated the place where stood the dressoir or buffet, and a small recess with a water-drain in it, the core of the old home that must have been in the thoughts of generations of Percies in the battle-field, in sea-fights, when languishing in Loch Leven or the Tower, in "Open Parliament," in exile, in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and other crucial times.

Having thus briefly noted the history of the stronghold, we may now enter it. We pass through the same massively ribbed barbican by which the ancient Percies and their royal guests entered, which has the Percy lion and motto on its bold front, and step out of its cavernous shade, through another ribbed archway, into the

grass-laid outer bailey. Around is the encircling grey curtain-wall with its Edwardian towers and parapets, and before us stands the gallant keep. From among the towers of which it is composed projects the apsidal end of the chapel, easily distinguished by its high-pitched roof and gilded cross ; and above them all rises the high, square turret on the Prudhoe tower with its flagstaff. A curving roadway conducts us through a second gateway to the inner bailey, in which is placed the entrance to the innermost courtyard, guarded by two semi-octagonal towers. This third gateway, in which is incorporated part of the castle of the Norman noble De Vescy, seems to be still reverberating with the knightly life of old times. It has a strong dungeon in the thickness of its walls and a dark *oubliette* below it ; and adjoining it is the ancient draw-well, also in the thickness of the masonry. There can be no disappointment here for those whose heads are full of the ancient Perceys, as Wordsworth puts it, for scarcely a stone has been touched in this portion of the structure for five hundred years. In the courtyard, however, we come into the presence of the first indications of the Cinque-cento innovations. The lamp with which it is lighted is in the likeness of one that lights the Strozzi Palace in Florence ; and the bronze knocker on the entrance door, under the arcade of the *porte-cochère*, is an antique from Venice. From the entrance hall the decorations increase in richness, up the wide staircase, to the loggia or vestibule paved with Venetian mosaic work at the head of it, and thence to an ante-room, the library, the drawing-room, the saloon, or music-room, and the dining-room, till the sumptuousness culminates in the boudoir, or sitting-room of the duchess. One chamber, a breakfast-room, has been hitherto left as the first duke and duchess used it ; but this has become too unsafe to be allowed to remain in that condition, and is now likewise in the course of alteration. The dining-room, too, differs from the bulk of the Italian work in so far as the carved wood-work, in pine and cedar, is left uncolored. For the rest, there is a tone as of a gorgeous Italian sunset. Gold and purple, carmine, orange, luminous sea-greens, blend in an enchanting feast of color, with varying predominance of tints in each chamber. The backgrounds of the panelled ceilings are colored, and then spread with delicate carved ornamentation that is gilded. The walls are lined with satin damasks of different hues that

harmonize with the prevailing tints in the Cinque-cento friezes. The chimney-pieces, with the full sized figures supporting the mantel shelves, are of Carrara marble and of much sculpturesque beauty. The dados are of walnut inlaid with satin wood and maple ; the window shutters of mahogany with carved panels of walnut and limewood ; the doors of polished walnut ; and the floors are of oak, covered with soft-piled carpets, of which one is the result of a thousand guineas' worth of loomwork. Pictures by the greatest of the Italian masters, mirrors, choice cabinets, inlaid tables, and other rich furniture and fittings complete an effect as of a sunset on a sea of gold.

Without going into minute details, it may be mentioned the fact of the keep being composed of distinct towers precluded the adoption of the cube form, or double cube form, declared by Charles II. to be the perfection of proportion for a room, and necessitated a great variety of contours. Each apartment differs from the rest in this matter, but all agree in general exquisiteness. There are on the principal floor eighteen chambers. The library may be described as an oblong apartment fifty-four feet long, with a bay projecting from the centre of it that is twenty-four feet wide and sixteen feet long, which form admits of an arrangement of the ceiling into four compartments. In the centre of each is a carved trophy illustrating the arts and sciences. There are two tiers of bookcases made of oak inlaid with sycamore, full of rare books, and a light gallery for access to the upper one, which is approached by a staircase in the thickness of the wall ; and there are three marble mantelpieces, with busts of Bacon, Shakespeare, and Newton upon them. The music-room and drawing-room are not quite so spacious ; but the dining-room is more so, being sixty-four feet long. The chapel is forty-six feet long. This is lighted by lancet-windows and enriched with mosaic work of a similar character to that placed in Westminster Abbey by Abbot Ware before the shrine of Edward the Confessor. Only the gallery is on this floor ; the ground-floor, seated for the household, is on a lower level. The state bedchambers follow the outline of the towers in which they are placed, and the dressing-rooms attached to them are hexagonal, or octagonal, or otherwise, according to the exigencies of their situations. These superb apartments are approached from a corridor, corbelled out into the courtyard, which corridor is hung

with pictures of much interest. Ward's two paintings of the chargers of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, and Canaletto's views of Northumberland House and Westminster Bridge, Sir David Wilkie's "Gentle Shepherd," and a woodland scene by Creswick, and the "Return from Deer-stalking," by Landseer, are here.

The baronial or abbatial-looking kitchen is placed in the line of circumvallation, or curtain wall. Walls and groined roof alike are of massive masonry. It is thirty-four feet square, and rises to a height, lantern-fashion, of forty feet. This is supplemented with sculleries and offices connected with the various culinary departments, a set of larders for meat, fish, stock, and game, and many appliances, such as lifts, hydraulic apparatus, marble slabs, and streams of water; and below it is a vast vault for coals; and above some of these departments are bed-chambers for the numerous staff employed in them. Here the old character of the castle is maintained, and Italian art is only dreamt of in the occasional production of an Italian dish. In the kitchen hangs the huge dish on which is placed the baron of beef on festive occasions. When this is placed on the table it is preceded by a piper playing "Chevy Chase."

Some of the ancient towers on the curtain-wall are used as museums. The walls are about five feet thick, and there is a footwalk on the top of them here and there. Some towers are pierced with narrow slits only on the lowest stage, and lighted by larger mullioned and transomed windows above. The stone steps leading to the upper floors are sometimes external, and sometimes placed inside and lit by cross-bow openings. The constable's tower has, in the chamber above the ground floor, a cusped double-light window with a quatre-foil heading, and a stone seat in the thickness of the wall on either side of it. This old-world room, once the constable's lodging, now contains the arms, powderhorns, etc., of the troops raised to repel the threatened invasion in the beginning of the century. The sally-port tower contains a collection of antiquities. Another tower holds the Egyptian collection gathered together by the late Duke Algernon. A geological collection, made by the Duchess Charlotte Florentia, was placed in the abbot's tower. Offices for the heads and clerks of the various business departments occupy more of the buildings along this encircling line.

The stable-courts lie beyond it. In one of these stands the new great guest-hall,

in which banquets are frequently given and entertainments held. It is a hundred and thirty-five feet long, with an open-timbered roof. Learned societies (the British Association, last year), tenants, and neighbors are frequently hospitably regaled in it, and an annual ball fills it with revelry, light, and music. It has been once recently fitted up as a bazaar for a charitable purpose, when it was filled with lively crowds for nearly a week. The crowning rejoicings of which it has been the scene were those held at the coming of age of the present Earl Percy, when young and old, rich and poor, were entertained in different ways and different times for three days. Except when required for entertainment, this great hall does duty as a coach-house. Here stands the gilded state-coach with its thick wheels, and highly ornamented panels and carvings of the days of sedan-chairs, fans, powder, and patches; and side by side with it the most recent, luxurious, and severely simple vehicles of our own day of various descriptions. In the airy, well-lighted stables, though there are no rows of war-horses, or of sumpter-mules, or fair ladies' palfreys, nor in the harness-rooms any broddered reins, or velvet housings "trapp'd with gold," there is much to admire. The name of the steed to which it belongs is placed at the head of each stall; a fringe of plaited straw gives a neat finish to each straw-strewed compartment; and the utmost order and cleanliness prevail. The gentle, powerful, sleek animals, well groomed and so well housed, would probably not care to change places with those of old times, notwithstanding their rich trappings and more intimate companionship with knights and squires.

The gardens Pennant found too trim for his taste lie to the east of the castle. Here, again, we are reminded of the possessions of Italian princes in past centuries, notwithstanding the cold skies and keen winds of the "North Countrie." There are terraces sloping up one above another, parterres bright with flowers arranged with geometric precision, parterres green with convolutions of box and ivy without flowers, leafy screens of linden-trees, squared hedges of yew and privet almost as compact as masonry, banks with festoons of foliage on them, wide walks bordered on either side with wide flower-beds all the more brilliant for the contrast with their smooth grass bordering, and on three sides of the goodly acres thus treated stands a high red-brick wall cov-

ered with fruit trees. In the heart of the garden, in the centre of the parterres, is a large fountain, or *carré d'eau*, with a polished semicircular red granite lip, or rim. At the lower end of this division, or opening, stands a fine conservatory, a hundred feet long, with two other glass houses about as long on either side of it, at a little distance, wing-fashion. At the upper end, at the full height of the sloping terraces, is an Italian-looking gateway of three arches filled with ornamental iron-work of the lightest workmanship, which gives access to other portions of the gardens and grounds. To the west of the fountain is a quadrangular *alle vert* of linden-trees trained to form a green colonnaded cloistral walk round a central paradise, to use an old word for the grassy square enclosed by it; to the east is the rose garden — some thirty beds of choice roses cut out of greensward, which is an addition to an older star-like device of roses near it, originally thought of, probably, by Capability Brown. And beyond all this are many kitchen gardens, glass houses where pines are grown in great numbers, vineeries, ferneries, an orchid-house, and most of the items that go to make up Lord Bacon's idea of man's greatest happiness.

The ornamental pleasure-grounds encircle the gardens and extend westwards, where they enclose the river, and finally merge in the parks mentioned, round which runs a high stone wall about twelve miles long. The parks are traversed by forty-seven miles of roads, and contain all that remains of Alnwick Abbey and Hulne Priory, and some of the loveliest spots in this "dear kingdom of England," as the Saxon poet called our native land. On the summit of a heather-clad mount, about two miles westwards of the castle, is an ornamental column erected by the first Duke of Northumberland, from the balcony of which may be seen many miles of the borderland committed by so many sovereigns to the keeping of the Percies, with the Aloe winding below, the ocean spreading along the north-east coast, with Grace Darling's lighthouse as a central spot of interest upon it, the Cheviots rising up like a natural barrier to the Scots, and, in the same direction, Flodden Field, with, we must conclude, somewhere among the distant hills, the scene of "Chevy Chase," or of the series of encounters in the course of centuries that were concentrated into the narrative set forth in that poem. Bamborough Castle, the seat of Saxon kings in the days of the Heptarchy, is also visi-

ble from this mount (known as Brislee), as well as Dunstanborough and Warkworth Castles. Hulne Priory is near the foot on the opposite side of the river. It is said the resemblance to the scenery round Mount Carmel, in Syria, was the reason of the selection of this spot for the site of the monastery. The gigantic firs, the pines, the seas of heather, the glades, the deer, the wide openings of greenest verdure, the close plantations, the majesty of some of the monarchs of the forest, the profuseness of animal, bird, and plant life, not to mention fish life in the beautiful river, create an impression perhaps even more acute than that afforded by the castle, that enables us to realize how much the Percies gave or lost in ooden times when their estates were confiscated; and something, too, of the magnanimity of the sovereigns who restored them, time after time, to them and their heirs.

From Nature.

TEMPERATURE IN THE GLACIAL EPOCH.

THE late long frost has naturally suggested the question, What permanent fall of temperature would produce a recurrence of the glacial epoch? It is a question not easily answered, for it is like a problem complicated by too many independent variables. It is not enough for us to ascertain the actual temperature of a district in order to determine whether it will be permanently occupied by snow and ice. There are regions where the ground, a short distance below the surface, is always frozen to a depth of several yards at least; and yet glaciers do not occur, even among the hills, because the amount of precipitation is so small that the summer rapidly dissipates what the winter has collected. There are other regions partly covered by ice though their mean annual temperature is distinctly above the freezing point; as where glaciers descend to the sea from hilly districts, of which a considerable area lies above the snow-line, and on which there is much precipitation. In the case of Great Britain, at least, a further difficulty enters into the problem — namely, that much controversy still prevails as to the interpretation of the symbols upon which our inferences in regard to the temperature of these islands during the glacial epoch must depend. Some authorities would concede no more than that the highland districts of Scotland, Wales, and England were enveloped in

snow and ice, and the glaciers, whether confluent or not, extended from their feet for a few leagues over the lowlands — say, to some part of the coast of Lancashire and of Northumberland; while others desire to envelop a large part of the British Isles in one vast winding sheet of ice, a corner of which even rested on the brow of Mus-well Hill, above the valley of the Thames. The one school regards the boulder clay of England as a deposit mainly submarine, the product of coast ice and floating ice in various forms; the other attributes it exclusively or almost exclusively to the action of land ice. Into this thorny question we do not propose to enter. The approximation which we shall attempt — and it can only be a rough one — can be easily modified to suit the requirements of either party.

We will assume throughout that the annual isothermal of 32° coincides with the line of permanent snow. This, obviously, is an assumption; often, owing to small precipitation, it will be found to be erroneous; but we take it as the only simple approximation, for, under favorable circumstances, masses of ice may protrude beyond it.

The question, then, may be put in this form. Assuming a sufficient amount of precipitation, what changes of temperature are required in order to bring within the isothermal of 32° regions which are generally admitted to have been occupied by land ice during some part of the glacial epoch?

First, in regard to the British Isles. All will admit that in many places the Cumbrian and Cambrian glaciers descended to the present sea-level. The mean temperature of the Thames Valley near London is 50° F. This isotherm cuts the Welsh coast a little east of Bangor. Obviously, the whole region north of this line has a lower mean temperature, no part of the British Isles, however, being below 45° . Hence a general fall of 18° would give a temperature of 32° at most in the Thames Valley and on the shores of North Wales (except on the extreme west), while on the coasts further north the temperature would range down to 27° . What would be the effect of this? Switzerland may enable us to return an answer. The snow line in the Bernese Oberland may be placed roughly at eight thousand feet above the sea, but it is obvious that the chief feeding-ground of the Alpine glaciers lies rather higher up in the mountains. In the case of such glaciers as the Great Aletsch, or the Aar, the lowest gaps

in their upper basins are rather above ten thousand feet, while the surrounding peaks range, roughly, from twelve thousand to fourteen thousand feet, though but few exceed thirteen thousand feet. Thus the feeding-ground of the Oberland glaciers may be regarded as equivalent to a mountain district the sky-line of which ranges from rather above two thousand to five thousand feet. In reality, however, not very much of it exceeds four thousand feet above the snow-line. This, indeed, rather overstates the case. We find practically that the effective feeding-ground, that which gives birth to glaciers, which protrude for some distance below their supply basins, may be placed about one thousand feet above the ordinary snow-line; so that the glacier-generating region of Switzerland may be regarded as equivalent to a mountain district with passes about fifteen hundred feet, and peaks not often exceeding three thousand feet. It follows, then, that if the temperature at the seacoast in Wales were 32° , the whole of the Scotch Highlands, and a large part of the Cumbrian and Cambrian Hills would become effective feeding-grounds, and the glaciers would be able to descend into the plains. In the Alps, the larger glaciers terminate at present at altitudes of from four thousand to fifty-five hundred feet (approximately); that is, they descend on an average about four thousand feet below the effective feeding-ground, or three thousand feet below the snow-line. If the temperature of Bangor were not higher than 32° , then the Snowdonian district would be comparable with one of the Alpine regions where the mountains rise generally from about one thousand to three thousand feet above the snow-line; that is, with such a one as the head of the Maderanerthal, where none of the peaks reach twelve thousand feet above the sea. Here the Hüfi Glacier leads to passes rather below ten thousand, among peaks of about eleven thousand feet in altitude, and it terminates a little above five thousand feet. That is to say, a region, rising roughly from two thousand to three thousand feet above the snow-line, generates a glacier which descends more than two thousand feet below it.

But what change is required to give a glacial epoch to Switzerland? It is generally agreed that an ice sheet has enveloped the whole of the lowland region between the Alps and the Jura. Let us assume that, other conditions remaining the same, this could occur if the mean annual temperature of this lowland were

reduced to 32° . Its present mean temperature varies somewhat; for instance, it is $45^{\circ}86$ at St. Gall, $49^{\circ}64$ at Lausanne. Let us take $47^{\circ}5$ as an average, which is very nearly the mean temperature of Lucerne.* So this lowland requires a fall of $15^{\circ}5$. We may take the average height of the region as fifteen hundred feet above the sea. If, then, we begin the effective gathering-ground at one thousand feet higher, the valley of the Reuss from well below Wasen, and the valley of the Rhone from a little above Brieg, would be buried beneath *snow*. So that probably a fall of 16° would suffice to cover the lowland with an ice-sheet, and possibly bring its margin once more up to the Pierre-à-bot above Neuchâtel; at any rate, a fall of 18° would fully suffice, for then the mean temperature of Geneva would be slightly below 32° .

The line of 41° passes though Scandinavia a little north of Bergen; if, then, the climate of Norway were lowered by the same amount, which also is that suggested for Britain, the temperature at this part of the coast would be 23° , corresponding with the present temperature of Greenland rather south of Godhavn; and probably no part of Norway would then have a higher mean temperature than 26° .

The wants of North America are less rather than greater; though, as geologists affirm, an ice-sheet formerly buried all the region of the Great Lakes and descended at one place some fifty leagues south of the fortieth parallel of latitude. Its boundary was irregular; but if we strike a rough average, it may be taken as approximately corresponding with the present isotherm of 50° . The temperatures, however, in North America fall rather rapidly as we proceed northwards. Montreal is very nearly on the isotherm of 45° , and this passes through the upper part of Lakes Huron and Michigan; that of 39° runs nearly through Quebec and across the middle of Superior, while at Port Arthur, on the same lake, the temperature is only $36^{\circ}2$. If, then, we assume sufficient precipitation, the maximum fall of temperature required for this North American

* St. Gall, $45^{\circ}86$ F.; Berne, $46^{\circ}58$; Lucerne, $47^{\circ}48$; Zurich, $48^{\circ}20$; Neuchâtel, $48^{\circ}74$; Geneva, $49^{\circ}46$; Lausanne, $49^{\circ}64$. St. Gall and Berne are rather high stations, the one being 2,165 feet, the other 1,760 feet. The lake of Lucerne is 1,437 feet above the sea.

ice-sheet will be 18° ; but less would probably suffice, for the district north of the St. Lawrence would be a favorable gathering-ground. This would be brought within the isotherm of 32° by a fall of 12° or at most of 13° .

It seems, then, that if we assume the distribution of temperature in the northern hemisphere to have been nearly the same as at present, we require it to have been lowered, at any rate in the regions named, by about 18° in order to bring back a glacial epoch. For North Wales a reduction of about 20° might be needed, but if the isotherms ran more nearly east and west, 18° for the Thames Valley might suffice. If we assume the great extension of glaciers in central and north-western Europe to be contemporaneous with that in America, we must suppose that these parts of the northern hemisphere had a climate more nearly resembling, but even colder than that which now prevails in the southern hemisphere. The isotherm of 40° runs a little to the south of Cape Horn; that of 45° passes north of the Straits of Magellan. The latter lie on parallels of latitude corresponding with those of North Wales, but their mean temperature is about 8° lower. If we could restrict ourselves to the British Isles, it would be enough to assume a different distribution of temperature from that which now prevails on the globe, for at the present time, and in the northern hemisphere, the isotherm of 32° twice comes down very nearly to the latitude of London; but it may be doubted whether this alone would account for the great extension of the Alpine glaciers, and the difficulties seem yet greater in the case of North America. Here, where even at present the temperature is rather abnormally low, we have to make a very considerable reduction. But this is too wide a question to discuss at the end of an article in these pages. We seem, however, fairly warranted in concluding that, whatever may have been the cause, a lowering of temperature amounting to 18° , if only the other conditions either remained constant or became more favorable to the accumulation of snow and ice, would suffice to give us back the glacial epoch.

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